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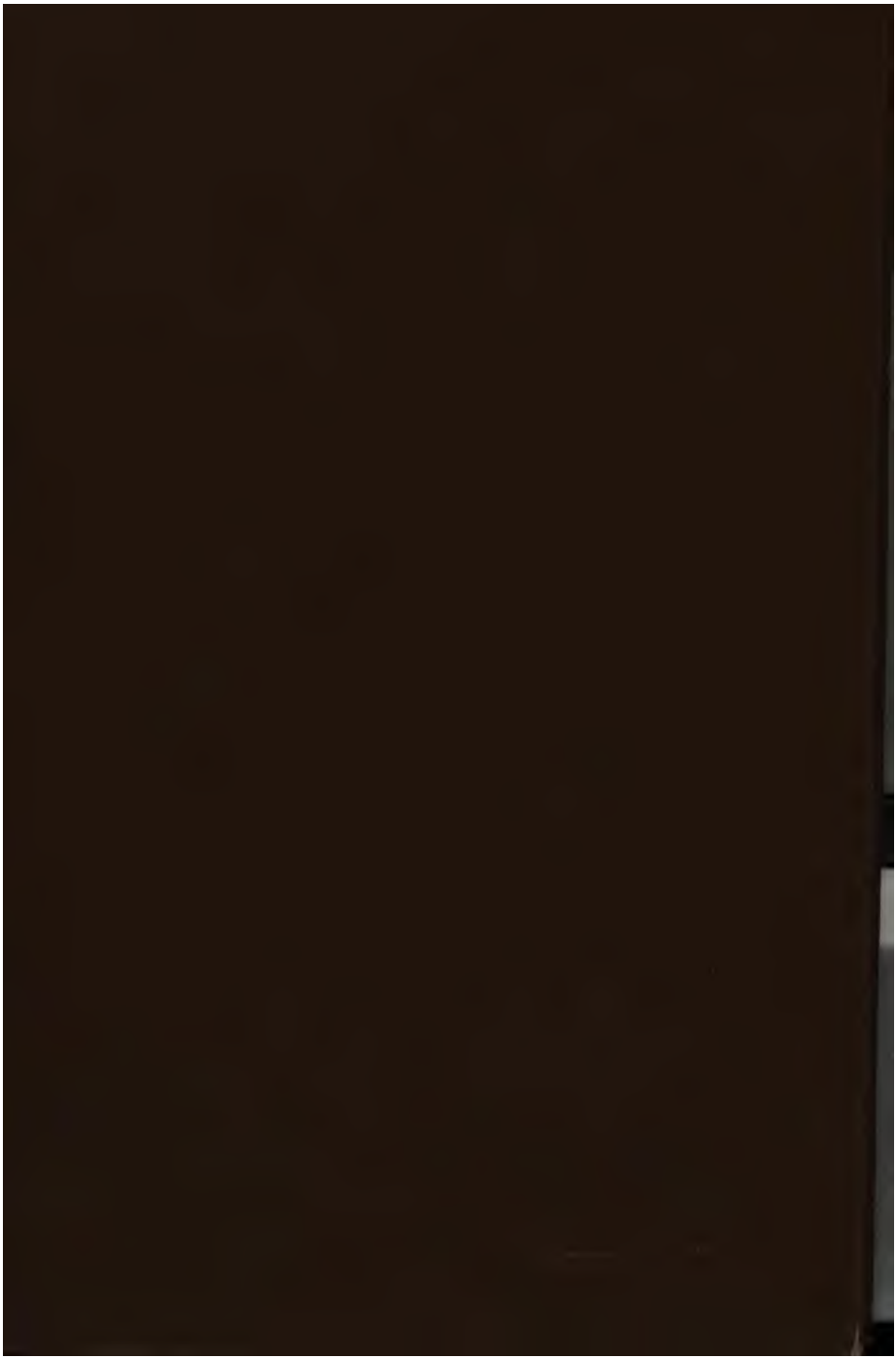

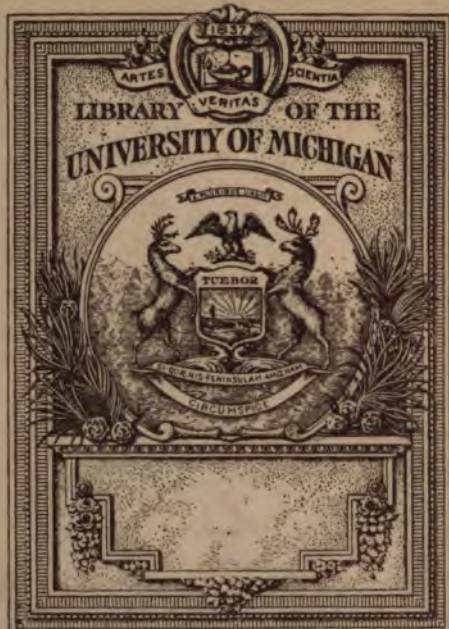

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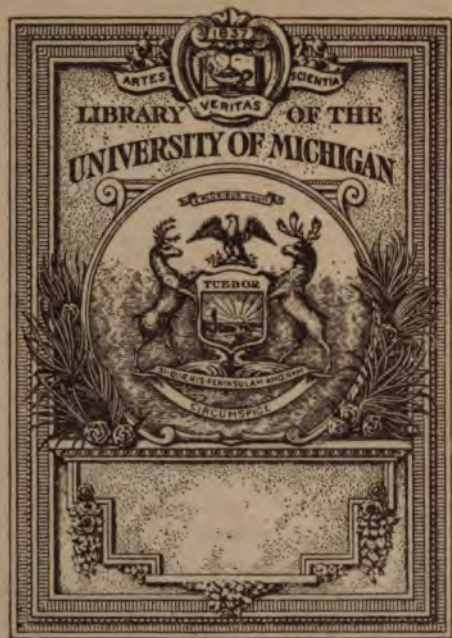

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MY TRAVELS.

VISITS TO LANDS FAR AND NEAR.

European, British, American and Canadian.

ILLUSTRATED BY PEN AND PENCIL.

By

ROBERT SHIELDS,

Author of "Better Relations Between Great Britain and America."

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PREFACE.

THE demands of an extensive business connection have made it necessary that I should frequently visit the leading cities of America, Europe, and our own land. It has been my custom to observe closely, in moments of leisure, the character and history of the people in these different centres, in order to learn what might be distinctive about them. Opportunity has been found, now and then, to make excursions from the beaten paths of commerce, into parts that were of natural or of historic interest. Of all these I find, more or less distinct, a mental image that rises as I hear the name of a city or bit of country named. In

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the following pages an effort has been made to transfer these impressions to the printed page, and to share them with others. If what has been written may bring back scenes that have been all but forgotten to some of those who read, and may call up some faint image before the mind of others who have not seen, the purpose of the writer will have been served.

The limited compass of each sketch made it an absolute necessity that only the more salient features should find mention. Yet these have not been taken at haphazard, but in each instance the writer has endeavored to catch the spirit of the city or the district described. No literary merit is claimed; it is a plain, unvarnished narrative of what has been seen and noted. With the hope that pleasure, if not profit, may be derived from these brief sketches, they are sent out into the world.

ROBERT SHIELDS.

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If you have writ your annals true 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy.

SHAKESPEARE.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the World.

BYRON.

Victoria R.I.

MY TRAVELS.

VISITS TO LANDS FAR AND NEAR.

CHAPTER I.

ROBERT SHIELDS' VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

LANDING in London from Toronto I made my first stopping place at the Castle and Falcon Inn in Ludgate Street. This historic resort, situated only a few doors from the General Post and Telegraph Offices, is well known and largely patronized by foreigners from all parts of the world.

However interesting as they are, the sights of the world's metropolis were not of first importance in my mind. I was determined on something more ambitious to signal my arrival on English soil, and

had hardly spent twenty-four hours in England before I made a journey to Windsor Castle. Why should a loyal and patriotic Canadian not do so? Nowhere in Her Majesty's broad domains is there a people more loyal to the British Throne than in Canada. Why should I not show myself a worthy son of this new soil? With these thoughts in mind, my first resolve was to pay my respects to the wonderful woman who, for so many years, has ruled with wisdom, discretion and universal success the greatest of all nations.

From an historical standpoint Windsor Castle holds an exceptional position among the great sights of England. Seen at a distance through the trees above the river's edge, it is sufficient to fascinate the eye and weave a spell over the imagination. No palace in England, few indeed in all Europe, appeals to the fancy with such inexhaustible wealth of association.

Versed in historic lore and possessing the natural tastes that lend appreciation to travel, one can easily understand my raptures when I first viewed the home of England's Queen.

Windsor Castle is situated on the banks of the Thames, twenty-three miles west of London, and except the Norman keep, was built entirely by Englishmen. From the time when William the Conqueror raised the keep on the Castle Hill in the 11th century, history has not failed to leave its impress on the castle and its constantly changing inmates.

A Canadian is always sure of a kind and gracious reception by the Queen or her representative at Windsor Castle, but I count it as one of the great honors of my life to have received a call at my hotel, from the Queen's secretary, conveying Her Majesty's generous expressions of pleasure that I had made a visit to Windsor Castle.

A Canadian is drawn by affectionate ties to Windsor Castle when one's memory goes back to the day when it was flashed across the wires that Sir John Thompson, Premier of the Dominion, was dead—suddenly, just after having been presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The kindly, and, may I not say motherly, regard that the Queen showed to the young daughter of our late Premier who was in England at the time, as well as afterwards to the widow, was evidence of that strong womanly feeling that has ever been a characteristic of the present Queen of England—ever the best of Queens—always the best of mothers—never other than a true woman.

One is sure to be impressed with the grand reception room, ninety feet long and thirty-four feet broad, furnished and decorated in the style of Louis XIV. Framed in the panels of the walls are six pieces of Gobelin tapestry, illustrating the story of Jason. The furniture is gilt, upholstered in light and dark crimson brocade. Among the many ornaments in the room are two vases of Prussian granite given by Frederick III. to William IV., and

a malachite vase of great value given to Queen Victoria by Nicholas I. Emperor of Russia.

High honors have at many times been conferred upon eminent citizens of Canada, to wit, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Sir George E. Cartier, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Richard Cartwright and many others whom I might mention did space permit.

This thought gave interest to my visit to the Throne Room at Windsor Castle, which is intimately connected with the ceremonies of the Order of the Garter. Canadians will be interested in a brief description of this room. The predominant color is a rich blue, and on the furniture, ceilings, walls, everywhere, is the star of eight points silver and the cross of St. George gules, encircled with the garter bearing the famous motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The Throne itself is of Indian workmanship; the ivory carvings were much admired at the great Exhibition of 1851. Many and interesting are the traditions associated with the front room, but we must not dwell upon them here nor on the troubadour's invention of the king's love for Lady Salisbury; nor how through the prose of Jean La Bel the story, invention or truth, passed into the pages of Froisart.

When all is told, and the half cannot be told here—when I had seen other parts of the castle, the Queen's sitting-room, the magnificent east cor-

ridor, the historic Waterloo chambers—one cannot fail to commend my judgment as a traveller, nor my loyalty as a British subject; for it was not the personal interest alone which moved me to make my first visit on English soil to Windsor Castle and Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

This visit to Windsor Castle may therefore well serve as the starting point of my pilgrimage to other places famed in history and literature, in the tight little island across the sea.

My foot is on my native heath and my name is McGregor.

SCOTT.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well.

T. H. BAYLEY.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

When thocht is free and word
Is thrall, keep well thy
Tounge I counsel thee.

Words over the door of a cottage in *Dunfermline, where court was held at one time.*

WINDSOR CASTLE.

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT SHIELDS VISITS HIS NATIVE LAND.

COUNTING first in importance a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor-Castle, it was natural that my thoughts should, after that incident, revert to the home of my fathers—my native land—the place of my boyhood days.

Early on a sweet June morning, with spirits tuned as only thoughts of home will tune them, I started on a journey to dear old "Dunfermline," where I had first seen the light of this world.

Away to the peaceful fields and hills of Perth was a descent in one way, but not in all ways, for even as I glided along, thinking somewhat of my boyhood days and of the many happy hours spent beneath the parental roof, my thoughts would revert back to my amorous aspirations of Windsor Castle.

But once near Dunfermline one association and then another brought to memory the dear old home. I seemed to mount up as with the wings of eagles to the very mountain tops in my anxiety to reach the place of my birth. I must have done some things absently, surely, for I found myself being greeted on the highroad by a stray gardener, who was wending his way to market. He said "Waes, my maun, bit your michty high-steppin', that ye canna keep frae rinnin entil a puir body."

"Hoots, maun," I was quick to reply, "I beg your pardon, really," giving the gardener my hand for a guid honest shake for Auld Lang Syne.

There were, as might be supposed, some changes observable about Dunfermline and its people, since the years when I trod its streets a Scottish boy. There were few people whom I knew, or who knew me. The buildings and the streets themselves had not changed overmuch, for changes in a Scottish town come but slowly. In the matter of manufactures, however, the improvements and progress were very marked, for, from the day in 1718, when the first factory was established in Dunfermline, it has all through the subsequent centuries maintained itself as a flourishing manufacturing town.

If slow to make changes in some respects, the Scottish manufacturer keeps himself in close touch with the movement of the times, and when substantial improvements are made in machinery and methods of manufacture, he is not slow to adopt

them. I remember, in my boyhood days, having seen the old-fashioned looms of the weavers in full operation. Now I beheld the rapid movements and surprising completeness of the new machinery and new methods—all was modernized and progressive.

Fifeshire is now pushing forward as a manufacturing centre, and Dunfermline is doing its part of the work. Linen manufacture is its chief industry, and the prodigious amount of business being done may be imagined when one considers that the profit on the output of one firm alone for one year has been no less than £35,000. These matters may be of interest to some. I mention them to show that if I have great pride in my native town I have good cause for that pride.

I know the value of sentiment in respect of love for one's native land, and I can well understand the truth of the saying that the Esquimaux, and in fact the inhabitants of all Arctic regions, actually consider their country and their home the most delightful part of the globe; but in my case, after making all due allowance for sentiment, I believe I am justified in claiming for Fifeshire a very high place among the fairest spots the sun shines on. It was, therefore, with great delight that I strode forth to view, first of all, the old house where I was born, and in expressing my feelings as I approached the place where every stone on the pavement seemed to know my tread, where every gable and

chimney seemed to wink and blink as if to greet my return with warmth, where even the old signs and sign-posts seemed to beckon and creak with life-like energy in the recognition of the home-coming of a gay gallant—not exactly as in honor of a "prodigal's return," but with the same fond affection—where, I say, an open-armed reception by even the dumb and lifeless friends of my youth lay open before me; in expressing my feelings I can only appeal to those who have had a similar experience. My heart beat faster as I stooped and kissed a clod of mother earth, and thought of those good old Romans in the days of Romulus and Remus. Well might the yellow timber and soil of Rome appeal to the enthusiasm of a Roman youth.

I could feel my pulsation coming spasmodically, and my blood flowing tumultuously as I sprang forward and was about to lay hold of some part of the cherished house—some part. Aye, I would have for a moment wished myself a huge giant of immense proportions, that I might clasp my huge arms all round and about the dear old place and fairly hug the rugged walls with joy. But no; I paused, all the blood in my body seemed to stay its course for one moment, and my heart forgot to beat. My vision seemed uncertain; was it the mist that filled my eyes? Pray pardon me, but I must have some little moment to myself here. Yes, it was not owing to presence of any fog; we can get enough of that in London, where the artist so

delights to paint the dim, dull greys and blues, deepening into indigo and what-not, but here, in June, in this clear blue sky—I know there was a clear air, and my pocket-handkerchief must needs come to the rescue. At length, the pulsation having again returned to normal conditions, I stood quietly gazing at the objects which for many years had played so large a part in my memory; had not I, during all those years, begun each day, bright or dull, with some pretty, poetic imagination of home? Had I not each noontide put new life into my firm step as I imagined what was going on at that moment forward in old Dunfermline. Had not I, each evening as the day was done, trudged homeward with some new determination for the upbuilding of humanity, engendered by some hallowed recollection of the God-fearing manners of my good father and mother, as when the day's work closed, all thanks for life and health, all praise for preservation and protection, was reverently given to Almighty God.

But, enough of this. Emotion having had its fling I took sufficient deliberation in making myself known, and was in due course shown over the premises; calmness having returned to me, I was able to command my feelings as I once more entered the various rooms and glanced around for numerous landmarks. I had not been a Bobby Burns, but I had left my mark in various scratches on window-panes.

From room to room I was conducted, and so my eyes were momentarily fixed on this or that object of curious, painful or happy memory—curious when I beheld the old room, painful when I e'en glanced up awa' ahint the auld shelf, where father used to keep the rod, together with his time-honored motto of "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child." Painful when the recollection comes to me, as if it might be only yesterday, when last that motto was, in my unhappy case, put in practice.

Happy, too, were those memories, as I sat in the chimney nook, and looked wistfully into the fireplace, where many a time I had climbed my father's knee and asked for another story as I pulled his nose and ran my chubby fingers through his brown locks; and as we all seemed to see wonderful figures springing up out of the pink and white glowing embers—goblins, elves and sprites on their way to the execution of some ghost-like mission, giving we youngsters the firm impression that on such a dark night it would not be safe to stir out of doors, and, hence, accordingly the delight in huddling closer together, and nearer to the comfortable fire, while the dark night and the howling winds swept down the distant mountain-side, and scurried away across the angry waters of the Forth.

If Dunfermline has played no unimportant part in the history of manufactures in Scotland, none the less is it an historic spot as that where lies buried the remains of Robert Bruce, which, in 1818,

were discovered encased in lead. The story of Bruce is one of interest to every Scotchman. We know how during the dissensions that lasted between Edward and his barons in 1316, Robert Bruce repeatedly devastated the borders and all the north of Yorkshire. Four years after this Edward II. was compelled to abdicate in favor of his son Edward III., and Bruce renewed the war with the avowed intention of forcing Edward to renounce his claim of sovereignty over the crown of Scotland. This renunciation was made by a treaty ratified at Northampton in 1838, by which Scotland was declared sovereign and independent.

Bruce's title to the throne was recognized, and Jane of England, sister of Edward, was married to David, Prince of Scotland. After his death Bruce's heart was embalmed in accordance with his desire that it should be carried to Palestine and buried in Jerusalem. But James Douglas, who undertook to execute this commission, was killed by the Moors in Spain, and the relic was returned and buried in Melrose Abbey. The rest of the body was buried in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, where the bones were found in 1818 when the new church was built.

Though for years a citizen of England's greatest colony, Canada, it will be understood with what interest I spent some time around that section of Dunfermline that has figured with so much importance in Scottish history.

It was in Dunfermline that Andrew Carnegie, the great steel manufacturer, of Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A., was born. He had none of the advantages of wealth and social position, but like many another Scotch lad, and Fifeshire has many, he had what stood him better—abundance of good Scotch grit. He has climbed from these humble beginnings until to-day he is known the world over as one of the greatest manufacturers—head of perhaps the largest steel works in the world. Just what wealth has been massed since he was a boy on the streets of Dunfermline will be understood when it is told that there came out recently as a result of certain litigations between Mr. Carnegie and his partners that Mr. Carnegie's estimated share in the profits of the Carnegie Steel Co. for the year 1900 stood at $24,867,000. In a proposed change in the constitution of the firm Mr. Frick, one of Mr. Carnegie's partners, tells that Mr. Carnegie was given a cheque for $1,170,000 as a bonus for ninety days' option to sell his entire interest. The sum to be paid him finally was $157,000,000. It can be readily understood that the citizens of Dunfermline see in their former citizen one for whom they may worthily erect a statue in honor of his great successes, and the fact that in this success he has never forgotten his native land.

The Bruces must always remain among the chief names whereby the Abbey's place in history shall

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

be fixed. Entering the east part, now partitioned off, one looks with admiration up to the beautifully grooved roof, and with much interest upon the brass work set in Elgin marble, immortalizing the name of Bruce. Near by is a rough slab, indicating the spot where lie the remains of Queen Margaret, wife of Canmore, whose remains, together with those of his sons, lie under the eastern part of the nave. Going back to A.D. 1610, we find amongst the royal personages whose remains have been deposited beneath this part of the Abbey, James V., and the spot is shown by the oak front to the royal pew, beautifully sculptured by the wife of Dean Stanley, and others of the Elgins; some of these are to be found in the south transept.

Speaking of the solidity of Dunfermline, one is continually meeting with proofs of that feature of this ancient town, and in the case of the present monastery, which dates from the year A.D. 1150, the everlasting and time-proof quality of the building is exemplified in the fact that this building resisted the destructive and demolishing proclivities of the Reformers, for although they succeeded in destroying the choir, they utterly failed to pull down the monastery; the choir had indeed been built one hundred years later than the monastery, and had since been replaced by the "Bruce Temple."

Coming to the palace, we note briefly in passing that here Charles I. was born, and Charles II.

signed the Solemn League and Covenant, and here for some time lived Queen Mary.

To anyone who cares to explore subterranean dark places, he will find numerous cells beneath the Refectory, not very pleasant in any respect, and we therefore come forth to the contemplation of the grand views, as we look out over the broad fields leading down to the level of the Forth, and note that the bridge at South Queen's Ferry, called so often the good Queen Margaret, who always crossed here on her way from Dunfermline to Edinburgh.

This of my visit to my native land and birthplace. There is enough sentiment in a Scotchman, despite his alleged prosaic, matter-of-fact character, to give vent to all the poetry of his nature when visiting his native land; but it will be easily seen from what I have said here that this home interest was intensified many fold by the world-wide interest that attaches to the old town of Dunfermline—so noted in Scottish history.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne ?

BURNS.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.

SCOTT.

Not that I loved Cæsar less but that I loved Rome more.

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER III.

IN FIFESHIRE.

IT was not altogether the fact that I claim to be on my native sands in Fife that led me to give a considerable share of my spare days to wanderings there. There is an interest attaching to this bit of Scotland sufficient to draw the traveller thither, even though he cannot claim to be a Fife man. An enthusiastic chronicler has declared that Fife is "the concentrated essence of Scottish history and character." There is certainly no other portion of Scotland more rich in historic lore, nor has any other given to the world more of those who have made the national history. In some respects it is an isolated section, for on three sides the salt water laves its shores. The Frith of Forth washes the southern margin, the Frith of Tay the northern, while the German ocean continually beats against the eastern side. The shore line,

especially on the south, is thickly dotted with little villages and with towns, in many of which are to be found curious traces of former days, in quaint customs, such as the kissing of the blue stone at St. Andrews in token of a pledge to return; in curious old houses, such as that one that juts out at the busiest corner in Burntisland; and in a general air of antiquity, such as impresses the traveller in sleepy old Culross. It was this clustering of the villages and towns on the edge of the Ancient Kingdom that led one of the Jameses of Scotland to describe this spot as "a gray cloth mantle with a golden fringe."

And yet the leading town lies inland, not far it is true, but far enough from the Frith of Forth to entitle Dunfermline to be called an inland town. It was the seat of the old Abbey, and the abbots held rule over all Fife. The Abbey dates back to the close of the 11th century, and a part of it has been preserved, and incorporated in the new Abbey Church, which is eight hundred years later. Dunfermline is now a busy manufacturing town, famous the world over for its fine damask linen. In this industry alone it has been reported that 6,000 people find constant employment.

Andrew Carnegie is one of the distinguished sons of Dunfermline. He left it, many years ago, a comparatively poor lad. He climbed to the top of the ladder by industry and shrewd speculation, and he has returned to his native place to spend the

autumn of his days where he first saw the light. His interest in his native town has been often shown. The fine Carnegie Public Library and the Public Baths, as also $60,000 for a Technical School are evidence of his generosity and of his interest in his native place, not forgetting his handsome Christmas box of 1899 of $100,000 for a gymnasum.

Dunfermline has given other famous men to the world. Ralph Erskine was parish minister here till, taking sides against the Kirk in the Marrow controversy, he was obliged to go out with his brother Ebenezer, and became one of the Associate Presbyters. Sir Noel Paton too, Scotland's great artist and poet, was a Dunfermline laddie, and first tried his pencil in designs for the damask weavers. But it is not our purpose to attempt the enumeration of Dunfermline's great sons, much less would we essay Fife's distinguished men. The task is beyond us, and indeed has already been well done.

It was the close of the summer season when we began wandering about the southern fringe of Fife, and many of the summer visitors had deserted their favorite haunts. Still it is not the old fishing villages that one sees at Aberdour and Wemyss and Buckhaven and Largo and Elie. Instead, one finds a village sleeping for eight months of the year and masquerading for the other four. Aberdour is one of the popular Edinburgh resorts, and the boat runs regularly during the season. A new

Aberdour has grown up, as different from the former as the new world is different from the old. Pretty cottages and airy summer hotels are all right on this side of the water, but somehow one feels aggrieved to find a quaint old village smothered by these on the shores of Ancient Fife.

At Culross the heart of the lover of the old ways is delighted, for the summer tourist has found nothing to attract him to the sleepy little place, and it remains as it was. It is delightfully restful to drop into this last century village, and wander about its moss-grown Abbey Church, and read the quaint inscriptions on the tombstones, and watch its people moving as if it were still the age when men had the greater part of a thousand years to live. But not far away is North Queensferry, where the new spirit of the times is in the ascendant, and we are brought abruptly back to the rush of the present again. There is little trace of the old saltpans for which this part of the coast was once famous, nor, except at Charlestown, of the mines that long ago flourished here. It is pleasure, not business, that takes men to the north shore of the Frith nowadays. Aberdour, to which we have already referred in passing, is a good specimen of the new order of things.

At Burntisland we come quite suddenly upon another busy scene. It is the northern terminus of the Ferry from Granton, over which the traffic from Edinburgh has long been carried. Since the

opening of the great Forth Bridge at Queensferry there has been considerable relief of the congestion here, but it is a busy place still. One is glad to turn aside out of the rush, and spend an hour in the old Rossend Castle, once the favorite residence of the powerful abbots of Dunfermline. That was 500 years ago however. Hardly taking time to enter the queer old Kirk, with its central tower, and its square interior, for much of Fife lies before us, and half our time has gone, we push on through Kinghorn, into the lang toun o' Kirkcaldy. Its busy factories, the narrow street of its "knuckle end," Linktown, the wider, but still narrow High Street of Kirkcaldy itself, all have their own interest. On a former visit it was our good fortune to meet with the kindly Provost Swan, by whose death Kirkcaldy lost one of her most generous citizens, and who has left an evidence of his good-will in the beautiful Park that will yet be an ornament to the town. His name recalls another, not a Kirkcaldy man, it is true, but one who spent some of his happiest years in the Academy here—Thomas Carlyle, whose characteristic tribute to the folk of the lang toun has more of the milk of human kindness in it than might be expected when one remembers how he hated teaching. Then too, by him one is reminded of his rival in teaching but close friend in fact, Irving, as different from Carlyle, as it is possible to be. Still farther back there is another name associated with this place,

that of Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations has not been long superseded by modern economists. Dr. Stalker was the Free Kirk minister here before Glasgow claimed him, and his memory is still green among the townsfolk.

At Leven, not the old village, with its handlooms and salmon fishing, but the trim new town that has risen since it was discovered that there were excellent golf links here, one would like to stop and while away an afternoon following the rubber, were it not that a friend waits us at the more famous links at Elie. On the way we pass through Largo, and, in one of its streets, shading his eyes with his hand as if looking out for the coming of a sail, is a figure of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," whose prototype, Alexander Selkirk, was a native of Largo. The Largo folk say he was not all that Defoe has painted him, though he did return to his native village, and did provide a comfortable home for his old father there.

But we were impatient to reach Elie, and greet our friend Henry of Martini rifle fame, with whom I spent some of the most enjoyable days of all my wanderings, on the Links that sweep round under the brae beyond Earlsferry. Golf has become a very popular game in our own country of late years, but I well remember when the enthusiastic golfers with whom I made the circuit of the Links here almost pressed upon me the favor of sending a set of sticks to Canada that the game might be

introduced here. There is little need to urge a comrade to take a turn with you now.

My trip was somewhat interrupted here, though most pleasantly, by an invitation to join in a month's shooting farther inland, but still within the limits of the Ancient Kingdom. The sport is quieter than we are accustomed to in Canada, the birds are tamer, and the dogs are trained to do everything but shoot the game. But when one has been made welcome by a pleasant company, and after a tramp through the fields or over the moors, gather with them in the hunting lodge in the evening, time passes quickly, and even the peremptory demands of business engagements are apt to be unheeded. Our company was a most pleasant one, and as it broke up, my friend Henry gave me a letter of introduction to the Marquis of Lorne, that if the opportunity should offer I might continue my efforts to make a good bag and widen my acquaintance with Scottish life still farther.

Returning to the coast again I had an experience that may be thought incredible by my Canadian friends, but which I assure them is literal fact. On the morning of the 10th December, my friend proposed that we go down to the shore and take a dip in the surf. At first I thought he was jesting, but he assured me he was in earnest. The day certainly was fine, and at last I yielded to his proposal, and thoroughly enjoyed the morning bath. About that time furs and skates would be in demand in Canada.

It was with real regret that I turned my face westward again, and left behind me the pleasant homes of Fife, and the memories of my own childhood. I love to hear the quiet speech, with its upward inflection, that marks the men of Fife, and shall long remember as a pleasant spot in a busy life, the weeks spent within the Ancient Kingdom.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.

The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

SCOTT.

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Long hae we sought both holt and den—
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

JAMES HOGG.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO PERTH.

BEAUTIFULLY situated and of historical associations that add attraction to its splendid natural advantages, the old City of Perth was full of interest to me. Tradition tells us that it was founded by the Romans during their occupation of Great Britain, and as this came to my mind I could not help drawing a comparison. I must apologize for likening the glorious Tay to the muddy yellow of the Tiber, the level expanse of the North Inch to the Campus Martius, and Perth to the City of the Seven Hills. My imagination failed me ere I had pictured to myself the helmed cohorts of Rome upon the plain. I closed my eyes and leaned back in my seat, then there came to me another picture —a picture of the tartan and plaid—and I knew that upon the broad Inch I was watching the battle Scott describes in his "Fair Maid of Perth."

All about Perth are splendid points of vantage from some of which a panorama of nature unrolls on a colossal plan. Such a spot is the Wick of Baiglie, from the elevation of which I viewed the beautiful valley of the Tay—a green carpet stretching away into the distance, traversed by the lordly Tay wending its stately way down past Errol and Dundee, and by the Bell Rock of legend out into the North Sea. Up from the valley rise picturesque rocks veiled here and there with the rich foliage of forests that have never yet been threatened by the axe of the woodman. All along the margin of the river are the elegant mansions of Perth's richesse and away in the dim distance the Grampian hills look down upon all. Other famous vantage points are the Moncrieff and Kinnoul Hills, of the view from which I need only use the words of Pennant when he says "The Glory of Scotland."

I might add to this description of Perth's natural advantages that the City itself is well built, and contains many handsome edifices. The faithfulness of the citizens to tradition and their admiration for the laurelled literary art of their native land is exampled by the handsome statues of Scott and Burns which have been erected out of honor to the two men who more than any others have given to those who are not Scottish to know Scotland and Scotchmen and to feel the great throb of the sturdy nation, the emblem of whose rugged character is the sturdy thistle.

Among the great industries of Perth none is greater than the long established linen works of Messrs. The John Shields Co., Limited, who employ an immense number of hands. This institution was founded many years ago, and the founder, who was a popular magistrate of Perth, has long since gone to his reward. His sons have conducted the business since his demise and they have opened branches of the concern in London, Manchester, Glasgow and New York. Within a year of the present writing, owing to the great increase in business, an extensive addition has been made to the premises. At the time of my visit Mr. Robert Shields was a partner and is now the head of the firm, and I must digress for a moment to describe their magnificent residence Inch Rye Abbey where they enjoyed the privileges of salmon fishing in the Tay, accorded him as a mark of esteem by a neighboring nobleman. From Perth I drove behind a pair of handsome grays some seven miles when we came in sight of his massive residence, built after the style of the baronial castles and contained some thirty rooms. The road to the abbey is between the loch and a sylvan wood and the scenery is charming. The day after my arrival was the Queen's birthday and a party from Perth came to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Shields who proved himself a noble entertainer and covered himself with credit by his complete understanding of the duties of a host. We enjoyed a sail on the

loch, the day being atmospherically perfect. The guests displayed much interest in the working model of a steamship which was the mechanical genius of Mr. Shields' son Bob.

The abbey is flanked by a large garden of all kinds of fruit and is completely isolated in a farming district, making it an ideal place of retirement from the toils of business. Noticing several cars of coal upon the premises I inquired its destination and was informed that it was designed to the use of the abbey gas plant which supplied illuminating gas for the abbey and surrounding buildings. To such perfection was the equipment of the place carried—and it is scarcely necessary to add that in this, his summer residence, Mr. Shields is surrounded by every convenience known to the dwellers in the most modern of city homes.

Inch Abbey reminded me very much of several noblemen's castles I visited in Scotland, and especially of that of Sir Coutts Lindsay of Elie, where I spent several months, shooting two days a week and the rest of the time playing golf on the links. While here I might say I met Mr. Henry, the inventor of the Martini-Henry rifle, with whom I had many a round of the links. Subsequently I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Henry's summer residence as well as his home at Edinburgh. He was a capital host and justly proud of his big factories at London and Edinburgh where he was turning out thousands of rifles to fill large contracts for

the British Government. Mr. Henry was especially honored in that he was annually sent a supply of grouse by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

On one occasion Charles Dickens was upholding the theory of whatever trials or difficulties might stand in a man's path there is always something to be thankful for. "Let me, in proof thereof," said Dickens, "relate a story. Two men were to be hanged at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll; the convicts were pinioned; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sight-seers of both sexes, all ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when just at that second of time, a bull which was being driven to Smithfield broke its rope and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns; whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, 'I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd.'"

CHAPTER V.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

FROM Edinburgh, at whose shrine all pilgrims to Scotland first pay tribute, one naturally turns to Glasgow, the great Scottish mart of commerce. In population and in commercial importance Glasgow stands easily first in Scotland, and disputes the second place with Liverpool in Great Britain. The Clyde is her great business artery. As I stood upon the fine new Broomielaw Brig—for the historic old "Brig" was forced to yield to the increasing demands of traffic—I looked down upon as fine a testimony to business foresight and enterprise as I found during any portion of my wanderings. The fine harbor was full of all kinds of craft, from the great ocean steamer to the trim ferry plying along the river. It seemed incredible that there were men still living that, as laddies, waded across the Clyde at the point where I now saw a 24-foot draught vessel lying. Yet this is literally true.

The Clyde Navigation Trust has done its work well. At a cost of eleven millions of pounds sterling the Clyde has been narrowed and deepened, and enclosed within great stone walls, till there is now a water space of 154¼ acres, in any part of which vessels drawing 24 feet of water may pass freely. Into this splendid harbor the commerce of all nations is being poured. The sight had a strange fascination for me. It was not only the magnitude of the operations that were being carried on under my eye that held me, it was rather the steady, smooth movement with which they were going forward, leaving upon the mind the impression of an ability to indefinitely increase the operations now being transacted. This is peculiar to all the commercial movements of Glasgow. There is no rush, no feverish excitement. The stream at times runs rapidly, but it is deep so that even the surface is always smooth.

As I entered Glasgow I had noticed great, unsightly heaps of refuse from the smelters, and from the mines, some of them even within the city limits. Close by roared the great blast furnaces, belching out flame and smoke day and night, all the year round. I confess that my confidence in the solidity of the city was somewhat shaken when I learned that far beneath it men were working in huge subterranean galleries, digging out the ironstone and the underlying coal. The city is built over a coal bed, and between the seams rich iron

ore lies imbedded. Here, ready to hand, is a source of an immense industry which native thrift is utilizing to the full. These heaps of refuse and roaring furnaces, so distasteful to the passing traveller, are no longer unsightly to the Glasgow citizen. To him they represent one of the great industries that have made his City world-famous.

Closely allied to the iron industry is the great Clyde shipbuilding industry. The banks of the river are lined, for mile after mile, as one passes outward from the Broomielaw towards Greenock, by the huge dockyards, and the ears are deafened by the ceaseless clang, clang of the riveters' hammers, preparing the vessels that are to carry the world's trade, and repairing those already engaged in that work. The history of the Clyde steamship building, from the building of the *Comet* by Henry Bell, in 1812, to the description of the immense shipyards that line the Clyde to-day, is one of the most interesting in commercial annals. There is an air of romance in its earlier pages, and the mere narrative of what has been accomplished, and of what is being planned to-day, taxes the imagination. The characteristic desire to preserve the national integrity weaves itself into the business of the Scotchman, and a " Clyde-built vessel " has become synonymous with stability and trustworthiness.

Still another industry has contributed no inconsiderable portion towards the commercial prosperity

of the City on the Clyde. Upwards of one hundred and fifty years ago the processes of bleaching and of calico printing found promoters in Glasgow more than a generation before these processes were established in Lancashire, where it has since been so extensively carried on. And the Glasgow manufacturers have kept in the van since the inception of the works, and many of the most important discoveries and improvements have been made in the Glasgow manufactories: the use of Turkey-red, for instance, which indeed was long known by the name of the Scotch firm that first applied it; and the use of chlorine as a bleaching agent; and many others. It is sometimes said that the Scotchman is cautious and conservative to a degree that hampers him in progressive business transactions, but his caution is more than counter-balanced by the keenness of sight that enables him to be assured of a good thing while other, more excitable and daring rivals, are busy guessing about the matter. Take, for instance, this utilization of chlorine as a bleaching agent. He at once saw the possibilities of the business arising from its manufacture, and seized upon them. Upon this business inspiration has arisen the splendid St. Rollox chemical works, whose tall chimney had attracted my attention in passing.

But the City has a history far antedating that of its importance as a commercial centre. When it is remembered that the opening year of the present century found not more than 80,000 where the

close will find upwards of 800,000, it will be seen that, commercially at least, Glasgow is a comparatively modern City. But she has more than twelve and a half centuries of history lying behind this rapid industrial rise into pre-eminence.

When St. Kintigern, or St. Mungo, as he is sometimes called, came to teach the Celts the Christian religion, he found a little hamlet on the banks of the Molendinar, a small streamlet, flowing through a dark ravine, into the Clyde. The people called their little village "Cles-chu," two words meaning "beloved" and "green." The name has been preserved, and in its corrupted form is now the name of the great City on the banks of the Clyde. Where St Mungo built his first rude Christian Church there now stands the stately Cathedral of St. Mungo, better known as the Glasgow Cathedral.

For many centuries the history of the City gathers about its religious life. For five hundred years nothing is recorded. Then, through various vicissitudes it rose till it became an arch-episcopal see. Later, it became a centre for those who protested against the encroachments of the episcopacy, and one of the gathering-places for the Covenanters. Indeed, from the time of the Reformation onwards Glasgow has been a stronghold of Protestant Presbyterianism, and it is shrewdly conjectured that the privilege of choosing its own civic rulers, granted to the City in 1690 by William and

Mary, was a reward for the stanch Protestantism of the citizens, and for their avowed opposition to Jacobitism.

The civic administration of Glasgow is one of the best in the world. No better evidence of this could be desired than is furnished by the fact that, while the water department, lighting, street railway system, etc., are under civic control, the cost of operating each is less than in almost any other city. The splendid water-supply is brought from Loch Katrine, a distance of thirty-four miles to the north, and has a capacity of one hundred million gallons daily. The street railway system is the despair of cities where a company rules supreme. So successful has been the experiment of civic control of these various departments in Glasgow that there are periodical demands in other cities for civic control of similar franchises. If the Glasgow Bailie could also be imported with his system, and his sterling honesty, and if there could be infused into him the same love for the alien City that he already has for his beloved Glasgow, the experiment of civic control might be successful.

No true Glasgow man will allow you to leave the City if you have been his guest, without taking you to Kelvinside, and pointing out to you the fine University, whose buildings crown the summit of Gilmore Hill, on the northern bank of the Kelvin stream. It is partly because of the national pride in that which represents intellectual progress, partly

because he is specially proud of the part his own School of learning has played in the search after truth, that turns his feet invariably in that direction, when he is showing that of which, as a citizen, he is proud. For Glasgow University has had many sons whose names stand high among the world's distinguished men, so many that it were idle to begin the list. In certain departments Glasgow need not lower her pennant to her greater sister in the world of literature, Edinburgh.

Ere leaving the City I made a tour of the environs. It is a Lanarkshire City, but Lanark could not contain it, and a portion has spread into Renfrewshire, and even into Dumbartonshire. Northward the City has crept up almost to the base of the Highland spur that stretches toward it from the north. In these hills, stretching out a long arm, as if to touch the City, we discovered a reason for one source of discomfort against which we had often grumbled. They catch the heavy clouds that drift in from the ocean, and the contents pour down in almost daily showers, sometimes, over the Glasgow region. The equable temperature, and the almost entire absence of east winds, make the climate bearable. And one becomes accustomed to carrying an umbrella.

It's a mere wild rose-bud,
Quite sallow now and dry,
Yet there's something wondrous in it,
Some gleam of days gone by.

LOWELL.

Though I misse the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tyde yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves
And the lasses more excell,
Than the sweet-voyced Philomel,
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing more remains at last
But remembrance (poor reliefe)
That more makes than mendes my griefs :
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envie's evil will.
(Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortal's power to do).
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the disolated place
To her presence be a grace ;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.

WITHER'S SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

MUCH of the charm of the Scottish Highlands has been destroyed by carving it up into carefully arranged tours, whose beauties are described in guide-books. The work has been done with an eye to those who are ambitious to do as much as possible in as small a space of time as possible. One cannot take in the beauty of a Highland scene, as one passes it in the railway train, or drives past in the crowded drag. One must give time to it, coming back to it again and again, till the coy spirit of the loch or mountain, hillside or glen speaks to you, and tells to you some part of her secret.

I do not mean to convey the impression that Highland scenery is not attractive, but only to say that it is much more than merely attractive. One sees all there is to see at a glance in some countries.

Not so in the Highlands. They smile on all, but open their heart only to those who woo them. But the story they have to tell is wondrously enchanting and is well worth lingering to hear.

Balloch is the usual starting point for a visit to the Highlands. It is at the lower end of the beautiful Loch Lomond, the Queen of the Scottish Lakes. For a time the scene, as the traveller views it from the deck of the steamer, is quietly beautiful. The islets dotted here and there over the surface seem to change their shape with every movement of the vessel, the margin of the Loch often slopes down to the water's edge, and a sense of restfulness steals over the tired traveller who has been doing Scotland for some weeks back. Perhaps, if he has read Christopher North's glowing description of Loch Lomond, he may wonder at its exuberance. But the spirit has not spoken to him yet.

As the boat advances the scenery becomes more rugged and wild. "The spirit of the mountains prevails, the lake is felt to belong to them, to be subject to their will, and that is capricious. Sometimes they blacken it when it is brightest, and sometimes when its gloom is like that of the grave, as if at their bidding, all is light." The names one hears are strange. Inch Tavenach, the Isle of the Monks; Inch Cailliach, the isle of the Nuns; Balmaha, the ravine down which the foraying Highlanders descended upon the hapless Lowland householders; Rob Roy's Cave, recalling all the tales we read in

childhood of that fierce but kindly freebooter. The mind, lulled to sleep when the journey began, is wide awake and alert now, and thoroughly enjoying the exhilaration.

A fairly good coach-road connects Inversnaid, near the head of Loch Lomond, with Stronachlacher on the margin of Loch Katrine. The little lake is pretty but nothing more, and one wearies of the slow sail eastward to the spot Scott has made so famous. "There is Ellen's Isle," said a passenger, and all eyes were turned in the direction in which he pointed. I saw only a rocky headland, towards which our boat was driving at a perilous rate, for we were only a few hundred yards away. Suddenly the bow swerved to the left, and we glided round the end of the little islet to the vine-covered landing-stage they call the Trossachs Pier.

We are in the midst of the country made immortal in the "Lady of the Lake." The guide will row you out to the spot where her home used to be, he will take you to the silvery shore where she met the disguised king, will follow the steps of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu from the site of the bivouac to Coil-an-togle Ford. He will tell the story with the most charming naivette, which the uninitiated interpret to mean implicit faith in the reality of the events created by the poet. None know better than the old Scotch guide how to tell the story as if it were true.

Some turn westward from Inversnaid, crossing

the Loch to Tarbet, then over the narrow neck of land to Arrochar on Loch Long, stopping on the way to pay their respects to "The Cobbler" and his wife "Jean," and to moralize upon the domestic trouble that caused their unhappy separation. The man who has only a day to spend returns to Glasgow by the Loch Long steamer, all who can take the coach at Glencroe across country to Inverary. Some remain on the boat at Inversnaid and keep on to the head of the Loch, passing under the shadow of Ben Lomond, and only leave the steamer as she is about to turn her bow towards Balloch again. Inverarran lies a little inland from the loch-head, and there one finds a coach ready to start for Oban.

But the routes are endless. He will enjoy the Highlands most who burns his guide-books, turns from the usual lines of travel, and wanders at his own sweet will through its mountain fastnesses and down its romantic glens, who mingle freely with the people, and learns what they mean when they speak of "The Macfarlanes' Lantern" while he is talking of the moon, who hears at first hand the story of the feud between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns, who stands on the great rock over whose side Rob Roy used to drop the prisoner who would not pay ransom, dipping him at the end of five fathoms of rope into the sea, till discretion overcame his scruples about paying blackmail.

Then too, if he be patient, he may be rewarded

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

by a view of the whole country through which he has been roaming, from the top of Ben Lomond. The ascent is easy, a mountain climber would make it before breakfast. It is only four miles, and the shaggy, sturdy Highland pony will carry you all the way, if you wish. But Ben Lomond is surly, and rarely uncovers his head even when all the rest of the world is bathed in sunshine. At rare intervals he does deign to smile upon the beautiful scene below him. Then if you have lingered near him, you will have your reward. The view from his summit is unsurpassed in all Scotland. That from his big brother, Ben Nevis is more sublime but not so beautiful. Loch Lomond lies at his feet, 3,170 feet down. Far away over the rich lowland plains the eye ranges freely, and then, at the base of the mountain roams back and forth over the lovely scenery of the southern Highlands. Here the spirit of the Highlands will speak to you, and make you, for all time, one of her devotees.

Another page has recently been added to the guide-books, and labelled "The Western Highlands." Perhaps the pleasantest route is by coach from Inverarran to Oban, then by boat to Fort William, stopping by the visit to Glencoe. This rugged Pass is worthy of a visit because of its own natural beauty, but the curious are drawn there by the story of the treacherous massacre of the Macdonalds by a body of soldiers under Campbell. The scene is wild in the extreme. The arranged tour allows

you to look at it for an hour or two, then you must hurry back to the waiting steamer. You might as well hope to understand Gaelic in a day as to know Glencoe's story at a glance. You will see nothing but rugged rock till you have been there for many days. The wild, weird story grows upon you, till you can see the mother and her babe cowering in the snow, perishing there rather than fall into the hands of the man who has eaten their bread at noon and turned the sword upon them at midnight.

Fort William, at the base of Ben Nevis, is progressive enough to be American. When Glasgow used the gas-lamp, Fort William had installed the electric lamp. And yet its reason for existence is that it lies at the foot of the ascent of Ben Nevis. This mountain is much more popular than Ben Lomond. It is quite the fashion to make the ascent, something like 5,000 climbing to the summit yearly. It is the custom to spend the night on the summit and to be able to say that you have seen the sun rise as you stood on the top of Ben Nevis will give you a standing among Highland tourists. The hotel is the highest in Britain, in more senses than one. The site is 4,406 feet above sea level, and the distinction is of considerable market value to the enterprising proprietor. The view from Ben Nevis, while not so beautiful as that from Ben Lomond, is more grand. The sight of the Cairngorm chain alone, whose chief, Ben MacDhu, is the

next highest to Ben Nevis, is sufficient reward for the night on the summit. But were I given my choice, I should prefer to linger near the head of Loch Lomond, till the old giant who stands guard over her unwound his misty plaid, and allowed me to take my parting look at the Scottish Highlands from his hard head.

" No man is lord of anything
Till he communicates his part to others,
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended, which like an arch reverberates
The voice again, or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heart."

SHAKESPEARE.

" There is an inwrought life in every hour,
  Fit to be chronicled at large and told
'Tis thine to pluck to light its secret power,
  And on the air its many-colored heart unfold."

CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

" With care, true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech,
That from our writers distant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarchs owe."

PRIOR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DAYS IN EDINBURGH.

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers."

WITH all the attractions that beset one in a visit to the motherland, as a Scotchman I can hardly be charged with making an invidious comparison when I say I looked forward with extremest delight to the day when in my travels I should put my foot on the threshold of Edinburgh town. It is a wonderful city. Among other great cities of Scotland it stands distinctive by itself.

It matters little how one's tastes may run, one is almost sure to find something in Edinburgh that will interest. To the antiquarian and the historian it is a place of supremest delight, for have not Scotland's greatest authors and poets drawn much of their inspiration, and there found large field for data on which to build story and poem.

It is a centre of interest to the scientist, as it is to the artist and painter. The student of social conditions will find in the erstwhile parish of John Knox much to suggest thought and plans that may help to solve problems o'er which he is sorely racking his brain.

My visit to Edinburgh was at a time when I was able to see it, in many respects, at its best. Scotland's favorite city is built on three parallel ridges running east and west, the centre one terminated on the west by a mass of rock seven acres in extent at the top, which is 443 feet above the sea, and upon which stands Edinburgh Castle. The palace of Holyrood is at the east end of the same ridge.

Without losing any time, for I felt that the days I should remain in Edinburgh were precious ones, I set out, first of all, to see with my own eyes the Abbey of Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle. Need I say that the realization fully measured up to my anticipations regarding this wonderful historical institution. It may fittingly claim to be, taken altogether, the finest building in Edinburgh, built between 1823 and 1836, standing at the termination of the earthen Mound and fronting on Princes Street.

In former times Edinburgh Castle was called *Castrum Puellarum*, because, as it is said, the daughters of the Pictish kings resided there before their marriage. Its construction is irregular and

it has no great value as a fortification. It can accommodate 2,000 soldiers and has an armory with space for 30,000 stand of arms. The regalia of Scotland, consisting of the crown, sceptre, sword of state and treasury mace, are deposited in the crown room of the castle, and on the ground floor is a small apartment in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI.

Adjoining the palace are the ruins of the Abbey of Holyrood, founded by David I. in 1128. Here, it is said, he gave the monks the privilege of building the burgh of Cannonsburg, now known as Cannongate. A parliament was held here in 1215 and in 1456 the meetings became regular, the strength of the castle causing the Scottish monks to make Edinburgh their abode and seat of government.

To one possessed of a love of literature and who has studied Scottish literature and history with any care, Edinburgh is a place of big interest, because of the number of its monuments erected in honor of distinguished men.

Allowing my memory to take me back to the many hours in which I found profit and enjoyment in the reading of Sir Walter Scott's novels, how delighted I was to see for myself the magnificent monument in Princes Street erected in honor of this celebrated Scotch and world-famed author. The monument stands 200 ft. high and is of marble, the work of one Steell. It has niches in representation of the number of characters in Scott's writings.

Conspicuous among other monuments for which Edinburgh is remarkable is one on Calton Hill in honor of Dougald Stewart, again of Playfair, Nelson and the Scottish soldiers who fell at Waterloo.

Now my thoughts wandered back to the reading of the Cotter's Saturday Night, and of Scotland's poet, Bobby Burns, as I looked on the south side of Calton Hill, where is to be found Burns' Monument with a statue by Flaxman.

Within Edinburgh are also to be found monuments to Hume, Lord Melville, George IV., William Pitt, Duke of Wellington, and others.

With pride Scotchmen will always refer to their native land as the land of John Knox. The religious element is strong in the Scottish people, and the helpful growth of that religion is shown in the rugged honest character, that is characteristic of Scotchmen the world over.

Edinburgh at one time consisted of only a single parish, of which John Knox was for a time minister. It was an intellectual delight and a genuine soul-pleasure to have one association and another bring to my mind the work of this sturdy Scotchman.

It is not unusual for Edinburgh to be referred to as Scotland's university town, and its achievements in educational lines make it worthy of this praise.

I was anxious, of course, to see Edinburgh university, which was chartered as far back as 1582 by James VI. It is a magnificent building, esthetic

in its suggestion. The front of the College building is 356 ft. long, and is in South Bridge St. The building is of Roman architecture, heavy in designing and massive in execution. There are faculties of theology, medicine and the arts, with over thirty professorships. It stands eminently high as a medical school, ranking among the first in Europe. The university library is of special value, containing 120,000 printed volumes and 500 volumes of manuscript.

Drinking their inspiration from the university there are other prominent educational institutions in Edinburgh several of which I was privileged to visit. The High School, that owes its inception as far back as 1519, being founded for use in 1829, should be visited by everyone who has an interest in national education. It was built at a cost of £34,000.

Edinburgh is the seat of the Supreme Courts of Scotland and I was able to spend a little time amidst the environments of Scottish law. The judges and members, including the Advocates and Writers of the Signet, form what is called the College of Justice, an institution founded by James V. in 1532.

I might devote, and the theme is worthy of it, an entire volume to Edinburgh and its many places of interest. It is the city of all cities that will bear close study. In fact, to spend a period of reasonable length in Edinburgh and move around

the city in its different sections is a life education.

In contrast with the thought that comes to one as they view Edinburgh from its classic side, there is to be found spots like the Cowgate, now one of the least reputable parts of the city, though in the time of James III. it had been one of the most aristocratic quarters. But I hesitate to extend my thoughts here of Edinburgh.

"Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie new beside,
Ye're like a chieftain grim and grey, wi' a young bonny bride.
. . . . . .
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair,
Your palace in the sheltered glen, your castle in the air;
Your rocky brow, your grassy knowes, and eke your mountain bauld,
Were I to tell your beauties a' my tale would ne'er be tauld.
Now fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we have been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen.
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin' sun,
And blessin's be on Edinburgh till time his race has run."

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
By riches and uprighteous reward;
Some by close-should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others trough friends, others far bare regard;
And by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd;
More that were up themselves kept others low;
More that were low themselves held others hard;
Nor suffer'd them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain,
These constitute a state."

SIR WILLIAM JONES

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEART OF FRANCE.

WHEN Cæsar was passing through Gaul with his victorious legions he found on the banks of the Seine a few rude huts belonging to a conquered tribe called the Parissi. The little village lay midway between the Germans on the east, and the Amoricæ on the west, with both of whom Cæsar was then at war. The point was of some strategic value, so he fortified it, and two years afterward summoned the ambassadors from the various Gallic tribes there, and gave to it the dignity of a Roman town. Traces of this old Roman town are still shown in the Musee of the Palais des Thermes. Three and a half centuries passed and the town dropped its Roman name, and took that of the tribe whose rude huts formed the first human habitation on the spot. Two more centuries pass, and Paris is chosen as the capital. Aix la Chapelle successfully disputed the title during the reign of the

Carlovingian dynasty, but in the tenth century Paris was finally chosen as the seat of authority in France.

The Seine divided the city into two unequal portions, of which the larger lies to the north. Midway in its course through the city the stream divides, flowing round two small islets, on one of which the central part of the city once stood. On the left bank of the river at this point lies the famous Latin, or University Quarter, which still holds its name and character in the modern city.

It was the Third Napoleon who made Paris the attractive city that it now is. Even when a third part of the present century had past, Paris was almost repellent in appearance. Its streets were narrow and crooked, its sanitary arrangements were of the crudest, its squares were bare spots in the heart of the city, while at almost any point in its central portion the narrow, irregular alleys made barricading, that terror of revolutionary days, possible. Napoleon III. transformed the city, driving two great thoroughfares straight through the heart of it from north to south, and one magnificent street crossing these from east to west. Trees and shrubberies were planted, statues erected, and ere the tragic close of his reign, Paris, from being one of the dreariest and most unhealthy of European cities, became the beautiful spot where all now flock, and in which even the harried man of business loves to linger.

There are phases of Parisian life that are never manifest to the passing traveller. He sees the surface, and it is beautiful. Occasionally he may catch a glimpse of some spots in the surface beauty, but the outward charm of the city lingers with him as a pleasant memory. Her parks and squares, her boulevards and avenues, her magnificent churches and galleries of art; above all, her gay, quick-witted and courteous citizens make him look back with regret to his brief stay in the city, and eagerly anticipate a day when he shall not be driven by the stress of business to leave a spot whose charm seems inexhaustible.

Of the many beautiful squares in Paris the Place de la Concorde ranks first. It is one of the most beautiful in the world. Yet it has gruesome memories. It was here on the very spot where the Luxor Obelisk stands, that the guillotine once stood, and the blood of the noblest of France cries out from the ground, even amid all the surrounding beauty. Of the eight great historic statues that grace the Place the one in the north-east corner is draped in black. At night the others blaze with light, but this one remains shrouded in darkness. It represents the City of Strasburg, the city now held by the Germans, and its drapery by day and gloom by night are constant reminders that the city it represents is in the hands of an enemy, and France cannot rest till Strasburg has been recovered from the despoiler. Paris is gay, apparently

thoughtless, flitting with light laugh across the great square, yet ever and anon some one in the throng looks upon the dark group of figures, and, straightening himself with an involuntary movement, passes on. The Frenchman does not forget.

The Champs Elysees, stretching from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe is the great public promenade of Paris. Here one sees, on the afternoon of a fete day especially, the wealth and beauty, not of Paris alone, but of the world, passing and repassing in brilliant procession. As I sat one afternoon near the great central drive, I began mechanically to count the carriages passing in quadruple file before a given point. One hundred and nine carriages passed me in exactly three minutes. The four-fold stream flowed evenly on, with scarce a break, for four hours of that brilliant summer afternoon. Some carriages were filled, and the faces of the occupants were eloquent of their enjoyment. In some there was but one, and sometimes the eyes were sad though the face was serene. One wondered what thoughts lay hidden beneath the mask that told us nothing.

As the night closed down the promenaders lessened, till suddenly lights appeared, at first scattering and irregular, then closer and more brilliant, till from end to end the magnificent Avenue was one blaze of light. Among the trees the cafe chantants sent out a bewildering sound of music, and the din of the claquers, and the discordant cries of

the door-keepers. It was another Paris that we saw at night. Some faces were pinched, but all seemed merry, laughing, chattering, jesting as if the world held no care. Among such as these the great novelist found his characters, but he pierced the mask and saw beneath the gay exterior a heart sick with disappointment, and bitter because of the seeming scorn of those from whom sympathy might be expected.

One would imagine the Parisians were a religious people, were he to count the churches, and estimate their value. But when a church is built and suitably adorned the Parisian worshipper is satisfied. Of course, Notre Dame is first, especially since it was restored in 1845, but the beautiful Madeline, standing at the head of the Rue Royale, had greater attractions for me. True, its appearance suggests a heathen temple, but its beauty is none the less on that account. Each altar in the great auditorium is a work of art, but the great altar at the eastern end of the church is one of the finest in Europe. One can scarcely imagine that this beautiful building was once a charnel house, yet more than 290 were slaughtered in cold blood within its walls, in one of the many revolutions of Paris.

A love of the beautiful is deep engrained in the heart of the citizen of Paris. Her public buildings, her palaces, and art galleries would alone entitle her to be named the "Beautiful City." The splendid collection in the Louvre galleries alone place Paris

among the richest of the cities in works of art But to these must be added those of the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Ecole de Beaux-Arts, and many others. Then too, in the Carnivalet Musee and in the adjoining Palais des Thermes the historian finds material for an all but complete history of the rise and progress of the great city, whose age is the age of the Christian era.

Before leaving the city I ascended the Eiffel Tower, that I might obtain a panoramic view of the city and its environs. The day was clear, and the eye followed the thin white ribbon, which we were told was the Seine in its course southward, and eastward, till it was lost in the mountains. It pierces the city walls at the south-eastern angle, and bending upward toward the centre sweeps round in the form of a bended bow, and again breaks the wall at the south-western angle. For a short distance it continues its course to the south-east, towards Versailles, then turns sharply northward, flowing through St. Cloud, skirting the Bois de Boulogne, and bending eastward till it is once more directly north of the centre of the city. At St. Denis it again sweeps suddenly round to the west, and so away out to Havre, on the coast. Looking downward, the great city lies far beneath us, its people moving restlessly to and fro, looking curiously like flies moving over an even surface. The line of fortifications encircling the city can be plainly seen, and the line of separate forts outside

the wall proper. Away to the south-east, dimly visible, lay Versailles, with its splendid gardens and royal Palace. The eye ranged over the entire Department of the Seine, and beyond it over a country rich in historical associations, a beautiful country, and yet more full of the tragedy of human life than any other section of the globe of equal size on which the eye might rest.

Traveller, as roaming over vales and steeps,
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps
Leaf after leaf, into the stream, till bare
As the best boughs, the loveliest and the brightest;
Oh, sigh, for well thou may'st, yet as thou sighest
Think not 'tis o'er imaginary woe;
I tell thee, traveller, such immortal man,
And so he hangs o'er fancied bliss, and so,
While life is verging to its shortest span,
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,
  Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,
  Till joy is mockery, till life is care,
Till he himself is unreflecting clay.

HENRY NEELE.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM BASLE TO GENEVA.

FROM Baden one may enter Switzerland by way of Basle. The railway leaves you in Klien Basle, and the bus will in all probability take you to a hotel on the banks of the river, and near the famous Wooden Bridge. Here the River Rhine flows swift, clear and cold, separating Klein Basle from Gross Basle. Our hotel overlooked the river, and the windows of our room looked out upon its swift-flowing current. The last sound I remember hearing, on the night we reached Basle, was the rush and swish of the water as it ran beneath my window. We were almost at the end of the Wooden Bridge, and immediately after breakfast we went out upon it. The scene called up another in far distant Canada, as we saw the raftsmen skilfully pilot their rafts between the piers of the great bridge. Farther down the stream we watched the

ferry plying back and forth, propelled by the current by an ingenious piece of mechanism. The hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and we were loth to leave this scene for even a visit to the Munster Church.

This is said to be the finest Protestant Church in the world, and was at least full of historic interest. The western entrance is, of course, the principal one, and to right and left as one enters are statues of St. George and St. Martin. Farther in, by the doorway, are representations of the Emperor Henry II. by whom the church was founded, and of his wife, Helena. One who cares to go round to the northern entrance will find over the doorway a curious interpretation of the Parable of the Foolish and the Wise Virgins. Within, the visitor at once notices the comparative newness of the interior. It is almost half a century since the interior was carefully restored, and that sounds quite modern when we are told that the Church was founded in the year 1010. We did not hear the great organ, but we were fortunate enough to secure entrance to the Council Hall, and were rewarded by a good view of the fragmentary frescos of the Dance of Death, with which the ravages of the Great Plague are commemorated.

Until recent years Basle has not been popular with tourists, but it is gradually coming into favor, and every year the visitors are becoming more numerous. Oddly enough, the best accommodation

is to be found in Klein Basle across the river, while the most interesting objects for the tourist are in the older city.

Sixty miles to the southeast lies Lucerne. On the way we catch the first sight of the snow-capped Alps, their white peaks forming a jagged horizon for about sixty degrees to the southeast and south, stretching away to Mont Blanc in the extreme south.

The city of Lucerne is a tourist's resort, and though it is not so dependent on summer travel as Interlaaken, yet it shares with the latter place the distinction of being one of the points of departure for many Swiss tours. We are here on the borders of the country of William Tell, and at every turn we are reminded of his achievements. But the most impressive sight to me was Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne," a magnificent figure cut out of the solid rock cliff just on the outskirts of the town. It is a monument to the memory of the Swiss Guard that fell at the Tuilleries in 1792, while guarding the flag of France. They were only mercenaries, it is true, but they were brave men, and true to the trust reposed in them. And the dying lion, still covering the lilies of France even with his body, tells the story of their loyalty better than words can do. The lion has fallen, for a great spear has been driven in deep behind the shoulder, and his heart is pierced, but as he falls, one great paw is stretched out, and covering the lilies on the flag,

still protects it from the mob. The great face is drawn with agony, the eyes are closing, and so marvellous is the pose and expression that one almost expects the huge figure to be shaken by a shuddering gasp as you look.

It was here that I heard the Alpine "yodelers." Mark Twain paid his man double to stop after he had got him fairly started yodeling. We would gladly have paid double to have these continue, were it out on the mountain side we had heard them. But it was in a low-ceiled room, filled with men sitting about small tables, on which were as many half-emptied beer glasses and wine glasses as there were men. We were passing on the street, and heard the singing. We went to the low door and entered, and no one objected. We found two empty chairs beside a half-filled table, and were just seated when a waiter came to take our orders. We were not asked whether we would have anything to drink or not, but only what we would have. We had entered, and were expected to drink, as men are expected to eat who enter a café. In a few moments the yodelers began a wild mountain song, the refrain of which was one of the weirdest and most fascinating things I ever heard. The room was stifling with all varieties of tobacco smoke, but we sat it through, and were sorry when the evening was done. It was a quiet and orderly gathering, just one of the social evenings of this most social people. I was delighted to have had this glimpse of their inner life.

The tourist who visits Lucerne must climb Pilatus or Rigi. Both are easy to climb; indeed one may climb the latter in the railway coach, one of the cog-wheel roads runs quite to the summit. We chose to climb Mt. Rigi, compromising on the question of difficulty by taking the footpath instead of the railway. It was a splendid three hours' climb, largely through the forest, but now and then we reached an opening, and were rewarded by a beautiful view to south and west. We had just reached the top, and were slowly turning to take in the wonderful view; to the north the town of Zurich with a stretch of river and forest and lake and cultivated farms between; to the east and south the mighty Alps, snow-capped and rugged, when a great cloud swept over and about us, shutting out our view as completely as if a great white curtain had been dropped before our eyes, and chilling us to the bone with its icy-cold breath. Pilatus had his night-cap on when we started, but the morning in the valley had been so bright that we decided to try the ascent. In spite of the discomfort we remained on the summit till the evening, and I have always been glad we did so. For as we stood on the western scarp of the mountain as the sun was setting, looking away toward the west, the mist-cloud suddenly settled, and the level rays of the setting sun came out over them, making a white undulating, tossing floor of molten silver at our very feet. Then suddenly there were rifts in the

white floor, here and there, and we looked through, and saw, now a church spire, now a green field, here the glint of the water, and there the streets of a quiet village. And then, in a moment, as if at the word of command, the great white curtain suddenly disappeared, and we looked out over as beautiful a scene as I have ever seen or expect to see. It may be that the sudden drawing back of the white curtain enhanced its beauty, it may be that the marvellous glory of the setting sun gave it additional charm, but of all the vagrant scenes that come back to me as I write, this one is most vivid, and I can still feel something of the thrill that made my nerves tingle as I looked from the western scarp of the Rigi Mount that June evening.

Fluelen lies at the south-eastern end of the Lake of Lucerne, or the Lake of the Four Cantons, as the Swiss call it. It is better to take the boat that plies daily in the summer season between Lucerne and that point. The village is only a way station on the way to Interlaaken. There is a good coach-road, and on the way on passes through some quaint Swiss villages with the cottages clustered about the church and the house of the cure. Interlaaken is almost entirely dependent upon the summer tourist trade. Here are huge palace hotels that during the winter are close barred, and during the summer are full of life. This is the general rendezvous for tourists, and here the trails, if we may use the western idiom, branch off in all direc-

tions. The life here is the life of hundreds of other resorts, and I was not specially interested in it. But I was interested in a little bit of real Swiss life I saw here. The cows are pastured high up on the mountain side during the summer. It is a stiff climb to the pasture-plots, and after spending the winter in the village the cows are in no condition to undertake it. So every day for some time before the herdsmen take them off to the mountain pastures the cows are driven through the village and exercised. The last day before they leave there is a grand parade. Every cow wears her best bell, which by the way is really musical, and the tones of all are arranged so as to harmonize, and each herd decorates himself and his cattle gaily for the final march out. We were fortunate enough to be in Interlaaken on the day of this final parade, and the beauty of the simple pastoral scene impressed us much more than the fashionable parade on the great promenade between the two lakes.

An easy pass leads over the Middle Alps to Montreaux at the eastern end of Lake Geneva. This is another fashionable watering place, where French is substituted for German, but where the weary business man will not linger if he consults his own wishes. It is very pretty, and there are many points of interest, notably the old Chillon Keep, but the blue waters of Geneva Lake tempted us too strongly. We took the steamer up the lake

to Geneva. On the way, when the air is clear, which it was not on that day, we remember, a good view of Mont Blanc, lying away to the southward may be obtained from the deck of the steamer. We contented ourselves trying to fathom the marvellous clear blue waters of the lake as we sailed over it.

Historically the town of Geneva is full of interest. Here Calvin lived and taught the theology that has done so much to shape the thought of the Reformed Churches. His influence extended beyond the limits of the science of theology, and for many years the city has held a high place in the teaching and practice of the exact sciences. At present the town is famous for the manufacture of jewellery and watches, and as a favorite resort of tourists. The river Rhone divides the town, itself dividing as it flows swiftly through the town, forming an island, which has been laid out as a public park. The river is beautifully clear and its waters are deep blue. It is a beautiful stream and forms no real barrier between the two parts of the town, as it is so frequently crossed by the quaint wooden bridges for which this city has become somewhat famous.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

SCOTT.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arouse from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves.
Britons never shall be slaves.

THOMSON, ALFRED.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

MILTON.

CHAPTER X.

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

"London is not a city, but a province of brick and stone."—GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT is not the immensity of the great city of London that first impresses the casual traveller. After days of wandering, when it seems as if all that were to be seen had been seen, one takes stock, only to find that he has not gone beyond a comparatively small section of the City, and a sense of the hopelessness of seeing London dawns upon him. One might devote a lifetime to the task and the work of investigation would be left unfinished. The increment of life added each year is sufficient to occupy his undivided attention.

But the insistent, incessant roar of the great City is that which first leaves an impress on the mind of the stranger. He finds it impossible to escape from it. After a day spent in the heart of the City where its harsh-sound waves have been unceasingly

beating in upon his brain he thinks to escape from it in the parks and avenues of the western residential section. But he finds that it has moved there before him. It is more subdued and quickly-moving, it is not the dull heavy grind of the City, but it is equally persistent. As the morning breaks, those who have kept revel through the night disappear and the cart of the laborer takes the place of the carriage of the devotee of pleasure. But the low roar of the City never ceases. There seems to be no place to-day for Wordsworth's beautiful description :—

> "Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep,
> The river glideth at his own sweet will,
> Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still."

One longs for such a moment, that the painfully vibrating nerves may be for a moment quiet. There is no rush, catching one up in its current, only a dull heavy pressure forcing one on.

London is one of the most cosmopolitan of cities. It is well to discount liberally the statement sometimes seen, that there are more Germans in London than in Berlin, more French there than in Paris, and more Italians than in Rome. But there are in the great metropolis colonies of almost every other nation under the sun. Stand on London Bridge and look down the river; or wander along the docks and you will see as many types and hear as many different languages as you would in a journey

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

round the globe. And if you wish you may purchase from merchants of each separate country the wares of Japan, China, India, Russia, Germany, Italy, and of other less known lands, as readily as you could in the respective commercial centres of these several countries. London is the mart of the world's commerce.

Naturally she has also become the world's great banking institution. Close at hand is the famous Bank of England, or, as it is known to every Englishman, "The Bank." The casual visitor imagines he has entered at a slack time during banking hours, for many a provincial bank seems more "rushed" than he sees them to be here. Everything is proceeding very quietly and methodically. Men come and go as if the day were before them. Arrangements are made for the comfort of the patrons, as much as for their convenience. The great machinery moves noiselessly, but it keeps moving, and with a nicety and precision that is in itself eloquent of tremendous power. A little machine in the bullion-room is typical of the whole institution. What one looks down upon is merely a revolving disc with a gold sovereign upon its surface. As you look, this is deposited with others at one side, always exactly at the same point. At long intervals a coin comes down upon the disc that is dropped at another point of the circle. The latter coins are all light, it may be by a very small fraction of a grain, but the little instrument unerringly

detects and rejects the imperfect coin. Nothing could more aptly illustrate the great institution of which this is one of the instruments.

Closely allied with the world-commerce of the great City is another institution, in which one may see more bustle than in any other place in London. The Postal and Telegraph building, both government institutions, are only a block to the west of the bank. I entered it late in the afternoon, about half an hour before the last afternoon mail was made up. The postal matter was being dumped in at the shutes in great bundles, letters by the thousand, papers and packages beyond computation. As I looked at the huge confused heaps it seemed to me impossible that all this matter could be assorted, arranged, and crossed before the hour for closing the mail. But a few steps brought me into the stamping-room, where I saw row after row of clerks, assorting the letters, arranging them, and passing them on to the stampers. I stood for a moment by the side of one of the latter. His hands moved with a swiftness and accuracy that would seem incredible if merely stated. He has a record, I learned, for stamping considerably over 100 letters in a minute. My question as to the disposition of the immense mail matter in the limited time was answered, and my admiration for the institution was considerably increased.

The grim Tower of London faces the river, and is only a few minutes' walk from London Bridge.

One shivers on entering the gloomy portals of the Lion Gate. The brightest day is dreary within those walls, and we cannot help commiserating those who were forced to live there, when it was the Royal Court, and pitying any who were confined within its dungeons. It has gruesome memories. Judicial murders, and murders that cannot even be called judicial, crowd the memory with the mention of each new tower and room. For the convenience of the sight-seers, for the Tower has become little more than a museum, most of the inscriptions made upon the walls of dungeons by the unhappy prisoners, have been gathered and arranged in the Beauchamp Tower. It is interesting to note this little bit of Americanism, this attempt to meet the wishes of those who have not time to live, whose life is a rush after shadows, who secure the semblance of many things, but the reality of nothing. The Londoner cares little for these things, but he prepares his show for the stranger. He offers them, not the actual sight of what has been, but a "restored" form of it, so that many of the unpleasant memories of the Tower, seen through this "restored" perspective, leave better impressions upon the mind than the truth would have done.

One is glad to enter St. Paul's after the dreariness of the Tower. Even into this sanctuary the roar of the City pursues you, but it is toned down, and a sense of safety and restfulness steals over

you. But presently the vastness of the place becomes oppressive. You are standing alone where 12,000 have stood. Above you, Wren's masterpiece rises for 350 feet from the stone on which you stand. Beneath you, in the crypt, are the tombs of men, the men who have helped to make England great. About you is a great silence. Without is the dull roar of the City. It is the only evidence of life, and you want to mingle with it again.

The "Benk" is the rendezvous for the London 'buses. From this point it is possible to traverse the City in any direction by means of this peculiarly London institution, and there is no better method of viewing the City than from the driver's seat of a London 'bus, if you have judiciously limbered the driver's tongue with a shilling. We mounted one for Charing Cross, going by way of the Strand. The London streets are named in rather perplexing fashion. Our route to Charing Cross was comparatively direct, yet we were first in Cheapside, then Fleet Street and finally in the Strand, the same street having three names in the comparatively short distance. It is, perhaps, the busiest street in London. We were in the thick of it in a moment. At times it seemed to us impossible to proceed. Four lines of 'busses, carts, carriages, drays, etc., stretched for blocks, both backward and forward, two lines going in each direction. They were all on the wrong side of the street to our American eyes, but we found it was

the custom to keep to the left. In the heart of all this tangle stood the policeman, directing, with his baton, all this traffic about him. I watched him with a kind of admiration. He was cool, used excellent judgment, and, when he might have been forgiven for an impatient word, was uniformly courteous. I had occasion afterwards to consult the London "bobbies," and I invariably found them ready and able to give me the information I desired.

Westminster Abbey is a huge Mausoleum and museum. Here one finds magnificent tombs, some fine monuments, but many that are quite as suggestive of a heathen temple as of a Christian church. It has been called the central fane of the English-speaking race, and we recalled the saying as we stood by the tomb of the great American poet, whom England has so nobly honored. It seemed to us most fitting that here, in a place dedicated to the worship of the one great Father of all, political distinctions that separate us in the world, without should be forgotten, and that true greatness should receive recognition.

The House was sitting and we spent an afternoon and evening within its walls. There was no great debate on, and we had to content ourselves with the reflection that had there been one, it would have been impossible to follow it with any degree of comfort. It is not possible to distinguish the words of the majority of the speakers. This is in part due to the fact that as they speak they are

partly turned from the Strangers' Gallery, of which, of course, alone we speak; in part it is due to the poor acoustical quality of the hall; and largely it is due to the careless speaking of the average member. The hall is really a small one, being only sixty feet in one direction by forty-five in another. A ludicrous spectacle is witnessed on each opening day, when, in their desire to secure a seat, members will "hold it down" for hour after hour before the time fixed, or will place their silk hats on the seat to indicate pre-emption. It is a case of first come, first served, and not enough to go round. In the Strangers' Gallery the usher reigns supreme, and the unlucky wight who falls under the displeasure of that functionary, is likely to find himself summarily ejected.

In the House of Lords one witnesses the terrible effects of boredom. Not one-tenth of the noble Lords are present, and not one-tenth of these manifest the slightest interest in the proceedings. One is oppressed with the atmosphere of utter weariness, and gladly escapes into the lobby again.

One of the most charming of my memories of London is that of the sail down the river from Richmond to Greenwich. The villages and towns on the bank are full of historic associations, and the view from the river, as one passes through the heart of the City, is brimful of interest. Twickenham, Kew, Chelsea, Fulham with its fine Bishop's Palace, Battersea, the two Embankments, the

great bridges, Somerset House, The Temple, and a host of other places of historic interest can be best seen from the deck of the river-boat. But how much remains unseen of the great City.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

SHAKESPEARE.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ; heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
They bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

CHAPTER XI

BUSY BIRMINGHAM.

ONE will not think of the commercial greatness of England without turning quickly to Birmingham, one of its busiest commercial and manufacturing centres. Here it is that the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Great Britain's Colonial Secretary, demonstrated his ability as a leader in the busy marts of commerce, and later, as Mayor of that great city, showed himself a statesman worthy the position he to-day holds as one of the first Ministers of the Crown.

But I am not here going to sketch a picture of Mr. Chamberlain. Quite likely, within these pages, among some sketches of the great men, of whom it has been my pleasure to know something, I may take occasion to discuss England's "Joe" later.

Birmingham is situated in Warwickshire and stands on undulating ground, slipping down to the River Rea.

It owes a large share of its greatness to the fact that the leading railway lines centre within the municipality. Here the iron horse of the London and Northwestern, the Great Western, Midland, Birmingham, and Oxford, Birmingham, Dudley and Wolverhampton and the Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury railroads find an important entrance.

The advantage of good water-ways has also helped to build up Birmingham, for several canals radiating from that city communicate with other towns and with the mines in the vicinity.

The municipal management of Birmingham has furnished a theme for careful study among some of the world's greatest students of municipal affairs. The town is divided into thirteen wards and its government is administered by a mayor, recorder, fifteen aldermen, and forty-eight common councilmen. I had the opportunity of conversing with some of Birmingham's leading citizens and publicists and was impressed with the thoroughness that marks John Bull's grasp of public affairs. A visitor from this side of the Atlantic may sometimes think Englishmen slow, but they are very thorough and when they start out on a project their plans are so carefully laid that success is almost certain to follow.

Some of my leisure hours were spent in a view of the public parks. Adderley Park is an exceedingly pretty place, triangular in shape and most

artistically laid out. It dates its origin to 1856 when it was opened out. Then there is Calthorpe Park near the Rea, and Aston People's Park, dedicated in 1858 and which contains forty-three acres and is covered with fine trees.

If one enters into a study of the older section of the city, which is on low ground, they will find some good specimens of ancient domestic architecture, while the modern portion on high ground contains many fine and costly buildings, principally of brick, and spacious streets. The town hall is of brick, faced with Anglesea marble, 160 feet long, 100 feet wide and 83 feet high. It is built on the model of the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, and the public hall, 145 feet long, 65 feet wide and 65 feet high, contains one of the most powerful organs in England with 4,000 pipes and 78 stops.

Less noted than a city like Edinburgh as an educational centre, at the same time the opportunities for education are most complete and the success of Birmingham citizens in the walks of business, literature and statesmanship bear testimony to the thorough character of its teaching. Besides the Free Grammar School and Queen's College, the most noteworthy of the educational institutions are the Blue-Coat school, giving elementary instruction to 140 boys and 60 girls; the Protestant Dissenters' Charity school, educating 40 girls; St. Philip's industrial free school, admitting 220 children, and many other colleges and seminaries.

Among the most important of recent educational steps is the establishing of a new university, which is largely the creation of Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, and to which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has contributed £50,000, in appreciation of Birmingham's commercial greatness, and which to him has been an inspiration.

Necessary because of its great commercial importance, some of the leading banks of Great Britain are to be found in Birmingham. Here is a branch of the Bank of England, as well as many other banks conducted on the joint stock system.

The town owes its rapid growth and great prosperity to the extent and variety of its manufactures. Situated near the centre of England, on the border of a great coal and iron district, with an admirable canal and railway system, as I have already suggested, it has enjoyed unrivalled advantages. Birmingham has been known for centuries for its iron and steel manufactures. It has attained its present pre-eminence during this century. While there are many extensive establishments employing a large capital, a greater proportion of the manufacturing is carried on by men of small means, generally employing their workmen by the piece. The manufacture of firearms cuts an important figure in Birmingham trade. Of firearms, 45,000 tons were furnished during the Napoleonic wars, and during the two years of the American Civil war 1,027,336 were exported to the United States.

I was interested in learning the extent to which the jewellers' trade counts as a factor in this great city. As many as 30,000 wedding rings have been in some years assayed and marked at the assay office. Here it is also that Gillott's steel pens are manufactured. Do I not remember as a school boy in Toronto how Gillott's 292, 404 or 303 pens were on constant call by the pupils. In this establishment 500 workmen are employed and 1,000,000 gross of pens turned out annually. It is very noticeable how business in particular lines centres in particular localities. Steel pens, little as is one pen, is a great industry in Birmingham, and it is estimated that the whole number of steel pens made yearly total 900,000,000, consuming 500 tons of steel. Pins and buttons are also made in vast quantities and several hundred tons of mother-of-pearl are annually consumed in the latter manufacture. The manufacture of swords and bayonets is also extensively carried on. Of course these manufacturers are large consumers of steel and Birmingham is known as the great city of steel manufacture.

I can hardly imagine any business man visiting the Motherland and not wanting to spend considerable time in Birmingham. It is a wonderful education to take note of the magnitude and character of its business enterprises, breathe in its spirit, be saturated with its business atmosphere. A study of this kind is a great means of broadening and extending one's views of business.

Birmingham, I am told, is first mentioned in the Doomsday Book, under the name of Bermingeham. For centuries it was nothing more than an obscure village. The first great impetus was given to its growth towards the end of last century by the introduction of the steam engine and the demand for muskets created by the American revolution and the French wars. From that on its growth has been rapid, but also substantial. The municipal charter was granted in 1838.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

BUTLER.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is in the deep.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

JONATHAN M. SEWELL.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL.

IT would be useless to minimize the advantage that comes to a town or city when it can be made the centre for important railway communication. We have all seen how cities have grown when conditions have shaped this way. But back of the advantages of the railway are those of the sailing vessel and later of the steamboat. Railways have cut into the trade by water of many towns, and yet in a city where the seaport advantages are manifest, growth and permanent success seem always assured.

I have noticed this in connection with cities in various parts of the world, as I have travelled from place to place and country to country. In our own beautiful Canada, Montreal will ever hold a supreme position among the cities of the Dominion because it is a seaport city. The same may be remarked of

New York. With opportunity for the crafts of the whole world to enter New York bay it is not surprising that it has become the second greatest city in the world.

Liverpool is the principal seaport of England. It is situated in Lancashire on the right bank of the river Mersey. It has been remarked by more than one traveler that the impression one obtains of Liverpool is that in its bustle and constant stir it resembles an American rather than an English town. My observation confirms this view. There is that hurry-burry, that ever going and coming, about Liverpool, that one finds when they reach New York, Philadelphia or Chicago.

The progress of Liverpool has been most noticeable within less than the present century. The internal improvements made have been more striking, giving it a place among the great cities of England, not alone because of its vast shipping interests, but also for the beauty and magnitude of its public buildings.

Many of the principal avenues diverge from the open space partly occupied by St. John's Church and the railway station, as Dale Street running southwest to the Town Hall and Exchange Buildings and continue under the label of Water Street to St. George's Docks.

The beauty of city construction that has been the trend in all great cities in late years in the opening out of public parks and squares finds evidence in

Liverpool. The best known squares are St. George's, Queen's, Abercromby, Clayton and Cleveland.

The city is well supplied with water as one might suppose. Looking for evidence of its internal commerce I find these in such places as St. John's Market which covers nearly two acres, being 550 feet long and 135 wide and is supported by 116 pillars.

Other proof of its business character, which I was interested in learning about, is seen in the fine Customs House, built in the Ionic style with a lofty dome, and again in the Town Hall where are found statues of Canning and Roscoe by Chantrey.

I might easily extend this description of the commercial and monetary buildings, for there are many of them. The west and north section of the city are occupied by the American and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce and by merchants' counting houses.

A very large part of the business in Liverpool is transacted in this vicinity. There is a distinct market for the grain trade in Brunswick Street.

If one is to select some particular building that more than any other has made Liverpool famous in the eyes of visitors the choice will fall on St. George's Hall, the most celebrated public building in the city. It was opened in 1851. It is a commanding edifice in Corinthian style with columns 45 feet high, and having two large rooms for the holding of assizes and a great hall 161 feet long and 75 feet in width and height, used for public meetings, concerts, etc.

Liverpool has no occasion to be ashamed of the number and character of its places of worship. These are many and include some very fine buildings. A Catholic Bishopric was opened at Liverpool by Pope Pius IX in 1850.

The educational advantages of the city are numerous, the principal one being, perhaps, the elegant Church of England College on Shaw Street with ample provision for many branches of instruction, a sculpture gallery and a music hall, lavatory and a literary hall holding over 2,000 persons.

In my own country I have taken no inconsiderable interest in the old Mechanics' Institutes, and which have been supplanted of late years by a Free Library. Liverpool has to thank one of its citizens for a beautiful Free Library and Museum, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1857. To the erection Mr. William Brown contributed £30,000, and Mr. Joseph Mayer presented to them his extensive collection of Egyptian and other antiquities and articles of *vertu*, the money value of which is estimated at nearly £40,000.

It is to be expected that in a city of the size and character of Liverpool, specially from the fact that it is a seaport town, that there is no little distress and poverty, and also criminality in the midst of the great wealth and business activity that exists. At home, in my own country, I may be permitted to say that efforts for the relief of the poor have ever had my practical sympathy, and I can claim

to have given some study to the question along these lines. I was therefore quite interested in learning of the large efforts in many ways that are now being put forth by the people of Liverpool to relieve the distress and reform the criminal. The institutions tending in this direction are many. Public baths, washhouses and drinking fountains are features of the city.

Liverpool is the most densely populated city in England, containing, some years since when statistics were being compiled, 96 persons to the acre, while London had only 40, Birmingham 44 and Manchester 81. There was a time in its history, not many years back, when it was a very unhealthy place, but great sanitary improvements have been made in the last quarter of a century so that the mortality, which had been great, has been materially reduced.

But above all other interests, and celebrated in this way more than any others, Liverpool has derived world-wide fame as holding one of the foremost positions in the trade of the world. Nearly one-half of all the products exported from England are shipped from this port. I have gathered for my own information no end of data and figures on this point. But I shall not enter into this lest I should make the chapter a cyclopædia of Liverpool's commercial importance, rather than a sketchy chapter of what I had seen during the short time I was permitted to remain in this seaport town.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.

MILTON.

Some force whole regions, in spite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.

BUTLER.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

IT seems almost incredible that the City of Chicago, whose population has now gone far beyond the million mark, was a town of less than 4,500 sixty years ago. And it was then a most uninteresting town, situated at the mouth of a sluggish river, built upon a site that was barely above the level of the water, and surrounded on three sides by a drearily monotonous stretch of flat prairie. Western enterprise has raised the site by piling twelve feet of earth upon it, and upon that site so made has erected two cities, the first of wood, and when that was fire-swept, replacing it by one of iron and brick, or stone. Where there was once low swamp or bleak prairie, where there has since been smoking ashes, there now rise beautiful homes, huge business houses and colossal manufacturing establishments. Stretching out in every direction across

the prairie are the steel rails of twenty-six lines of railway, over which roll out from and into the city the enormous traffic for which it has become world-famed. Then, too, there are forty-six miles of water front and among the ships at anchor here will be found some that have come direct from European ports, and hundreds that are engaged in the immense trade of the upper lakes.

It is a city of great enterprises. It erects buildings whose area is computed, not in square feet, but in acres. It undertakes obligations whose cost must be reckoned with 1,000 as the unit instead of 1. It organizes a World's Fair that requires a small city for its accommodation alone. So accustomed have its citizens become to talk of these huge undertakings that the name "Chicago" has become a synonym for "bigness." And yet the people of Chicago do not mean to boast. They speak of these things as if it were the manifest destiny of their city to undertake them on behalf of the universe. Farther west, in the smaller cities that ape Chicago, one hears boasting; but the Chicago man speaks of the thousand-unit as a matter of course. Great undertakings have been thrust upon him, and he has never shirked them, and has indeed grown somewhat accustomed to them.

One cannot but admire their dauntless spirit in the face of enormous difficulty. When the sun rose one morning he shone luridly upon the smoking ashes of a once fair city; before he set, men

that had lost all were clearing away the ashes that they might begin to rebuild a better on its site. A youth in the wheat pit found a veteran standing in the way of his plans. The older man had as many years' experience as the young man had months, and practically unlimited capital, yet the young man entered upon the gigantic undertaking of cornering all the grain in that immense grain-growing country, in order to get the older rival out of the way. The enterprise was of such immense dimensions that, for a day, the merchants of the world dropped their work to watch the contest.

Another curious feature of business life here is the apparent nonchalance with which men accept reverse. By a skilful move one man coolly appropriates his neighbor's fortune, and leaves him penniless. The unfortunate speculator does not shoot himself, but applies for a position in the counting-house of the fortunate man, and begins to work up again. He moves out of the North End into the West End till he has again made his pile. When he comes back the fashionable halls of the North End give him a hearty welcome, affecting to believe that the family has been off for an extended trip to Europe, or elsewhere, in the interval. The possession of wealth is the open sesame, and while culture is desired it is not an absolute necessity in the aspirant for social distinction.

The River is the social Rubicon of Chicago. It has a curious course, only possible in a prairie

country. The two branches run almost directly south and north, parallel to the lake-shore. A little to the north of the heart of the city, they meet, and the united streams take a course due east. Thus the city is naturally divided into three sections. That to the north of the united stream and to the east of the north branch, is the residential section, the home of the families of wealth and fashion. That to the south of the river, and to the east of the south branch, is the business centre, and in its extreme southern quarter is another residential section. That to the west of the two branches is the manufacturing district and the home of the laboring men.

Perhaps the majority of those who visit Chicago turn first to the business centre. If the characteristic of the business centre of New York is rush, that of Chicago is a scramble. In the former city the current flows with a swift current in one direction, in the latter there are innumerable cross currents. The "whirl" of business is especially applicable here, and the man who comes out of it unhurt is able to keep his feet anywhere else. The vortex of the whirl is the Board of Trade. It is noisier than New York, and at times more exciting. Near it is the City Hall Building, into which the citizens put $6,000,000 of their money, making of it a huge pile of limestone and granite that should bid defiance to any future holocaust that sweeps over the city. This building is such a

landmark to Chicago as "The Bank" is to London. Distance is calculated from it, and directions are given in relation to it. Quite near it stands the Custom House and Post Office, also huge and substantial. But the man who undertakes to describe the notable buildings of that section will need a small volume. Some of the retail shops alone will detain the sightseer a day, if he makes a thorough tour of them.

The Stock Yards of Chicago are everywhere famous. Of course one is prepared to hear that they are the largest stock yards in the world, and he is quite prepared to admit it, after he has been over them. They cover almost 350 acres of land, and have accommodation for upwards of 200,000 animals. Cattle and hogs are the most important, but the trade in horses is an enormous one. Armour is of course the name to conjure with here, but there are other names that stand high, and would be kings elsewhere though only princes here. The system followed is one of the most perfect. Nothing seems wasted, even the refuse being utilized to increase dividend.

There are two features of the city that never fail to pleasantly impress the casual visitor. The one is their water supply system. Ninety-five per cent of the water supply is drawn from the lake, a very small portion being obtained from artesian wells. But the city is built upon a flat prairie, with an equally flat prairie stretching in every

direction. There is just sufficient fall for purposes of sewerage, but nothing more. To obtain sufficient pressure to meet the needs of the city a huge water-tower was built, and the water is forced to the top of this by powerful pumps. From this tower, stretching out for three or four miles, respectively, under the lake, two tunnels have been built, five and seven feet in diameter, and the water enters them through a grated opening and is pumped into the tower, and so distributed to the farthest corner of the city.

The Park system of Chicago will yet be one of the most complete in America. It stretches completely through the city, just outside the business belt. Beginning with Lincoln Park, on the lake shore, in the residential section, the North End quarter, the series stretches, first, westward, then south, then east till again the lake shore is reached at the other side of the city. There are six large parks, in order named, Lincoln, Humboldt, Garfield, Douglas, Washington and Jackson. These are connected by a series of fine boulevards, and both the parks and boulevard drives are kept in excellent condition, and furnish fifty-eight miles of magnificent driveway, making a complete circuit of the city. The keeping of the roadways of the parks and boulevards is in the hands of a special committee, and they are devising and carrying out generous things for the city.

What a multitude of interesting points clamour

for description in this rapidly moving city. The world visited her six years ago, but six years mean much in Chicago. The landmarks remain as they were, but the progress of less substantial portions has been amazing. Little trace remains of the "White City" we got to know so well, but the tide of growth has crept out till the city is almost continuous to its limits. Then too, one would have much to say of the strange contrasts to be found here. She has many churches, yet she has the largest non-church-going community of any other city east of the Rockies. One might have much to say of her showy residential quarter, still more of her low slums; of the enterprise of her American citizens and of the sloth of many of the alien population that plays so prominent a part in her civic life. She loves the beautiful, yet she permits the vicious and brutal to exist in open day. She allows her trust kings to trample on labor, yet she provides lavishly for the unfortunate of her people. She has excellent schools, yet many of her children are growing up as street gamins. An opportunity is provided for all to make their way, if they will, but if they choose to stand still they must suffer the natural consequence.

One impression lingers as I recall the busily pleasant days spent among her people. She has a people who are active, and alert, quick to see the opportunity and to seize it open-handed to greet the stranger and quick to forget him, immensely

eager to improve the present and to step out into the wider future. In that future the citizen of Chicago has unbounded confidence, and he is confident, too, of his ability to improve it.

A little philosophy inclines a man's mind to atheism, but depths in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion

FRANCIS BACON.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have become only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

ISAAC NEWTON.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

COWPER.

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.

CHAS. MORRIS.

Hail, Columbia, happy land,
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CITY OF BOSTON.

A LITERARY atmosphere pervades the city of Boston. Its historic associations at once occur to the mind, and seem to outweigh other interesting features which the city undoubtedly possesses. Not that Boston has a monopoly of historic incidents in connection with the early years of the nation. New York is perhaps richer in these than even this city, but the commercial interests of that great centre cast all other considerations into the background. Boston is no mean city commercially. Its fine harbor, its many lines of railway, its manufacturing interests all give it a place among the first of eastern cities. But Boston has held to the early tradition of a centre of culture, and the effort to maintain this feature of civic life is everywhere in evidence.

Another tradition that clings to this city is that

of exclusiveness. For a generation the citizens of Boston maintained a remarkable purity of race, her first settlers, if one may so denominate the founders of the city, were from England, and, with the peculiar reserve of that people, kept to themselves. After a time they became proud of this successful exclusiveness, and made even greater efforts to maintain it. Even yet many Boston families are as proud of the family tree as ever Norman or Celtic family were to trace their history back to the eleventh century or still farther into the mist. This peculiarity has not contributed to the popularity of the city with the sister cities of the Union, and the fling at "Boston culture" is not yet forgotten.

Her religious history, too, has been peculiar. Far back in their history those who founded her were Roman Catholic, but this was before they left England. They shook themselves free from that Church and became the stronghold of the Church of England. But the leaven of rationalism was still at work, and again they cut themselves adrift from State control, demanding absolute freedom in matters of religion. It was at this stage that they sought out their new home. Here the same spirit became manifest, and those who fretted under State control came to resent all manner of ecclesiastical restraint. Eventually the Congregationalist became Unitarian, and in some instances agnostic. In recent years there are evidences of the return of the pendulum, and there are those

who look for a revival of faith in the evangelical doctrines in the capital city of the Eastern States.

There are not wanting many evidences of practical Christianity. Within the city there are no less than eight hundred organizations devoted to charity, and the Associated Charities of Boston have done much to prevent the evil of pauperizing those whom the charitably disposed are desirous of helping. And in this effort to aid those who for any reason have lost their grip upon life, one does not detect the irritating touch of a superior whose patronage is endured only in the face of starvation. There is much of the sense of true brotherhood and recognition of the dignity of manhood underlying the desire to give assistance to the unfortunate.

It may seem strange that in a city like Boston there should be any tardiness in recognizing the importance to be attached to the Fine Arts. Yet the Museum of Art, of which to-day the people of Boston are justly proud, is a comparatively recent institution. So too music was long ere she found a place where she now reigns pre-eminent. This is due, in large part, to the historical environment and tradition of that people. The Puritan did not take kindly to art. He thought it frivolous. And, though the artist spirit slumbered in the heart of this people, and often strove to awaken, she was sternly repressed for generations. But when she did awaken and receive recognition, they made up for the restraint of the past, and now Boston is in

the first rank, if not really in the first place, in her recognition of art.

It is somewhat perplexing to find the way in Boston. The streets run at all angles and in all directions from the centre of the city. Indeed there would seem to have been several centres around which at different times the city began to grow. There is, of course, greater regularity in the outlying and newer portions, some of which are reclamations from the sea and swamp. The so-called "Neck," that once united the peninsula upon which the original town was founded, is a thing of the past, and some of the handsomest residences now stand where the tide once washed over the sands.

Boston Common, so closely associated with New England history, lies about the centre of the city. It still retains the old name, though it is now somewhat of a misnomer, for the "Common" is now a beautiful park, whose rows of find old elms would alone entitle it to rank among the picturesque parks of the Eastern States. Facing on the Common are some of the famous old buildings of the city—Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," the Old State House, Christ's Church, the King's Chapel, and others. Adjoining it are the Public Gardens, with the pretty little lake taking up a considerable section of the area, and stretching away westward, in line with the River Charles, the beautiful Commonwealth Avenue connects the Common and

Gardens with the system of Parks that has recently been opened. The residential newer part of the city lies in this direction.

The condition of Boston harbor is very different to-day from that of the Boston harbor into which the cargo of tea was thrown by the sturdy colonists. Then it was of no mean dimensions, covering as it did almost eight hundred acres, but when to this is added the thousand acres reclaimed and deepened, till over the whole area there is an average depth of twenty-three feet at low tide, as we were told, its proportionate value may be estimated. Five hundred vessels can be accommodated at once within the limits of the harbor. The harbor is exceptionally well lighted, the fine Boston light and its three companion lighthouses making entrance comparatively easy and safe. Scattered here and there over the harbor are numerous small islands, and on some of these the public hospitals and other public institutions have been built.

The city has not the finest climate in the world, the raw east winds that prevail seeming to search every section of the body for some vulnerable point. The lungs suffer most, and bronchial affections are very common. There is nothing to temper the wind as it drives in from the ocean. The Edinburgh "har" is modified in its progress inland, up the Frith of Forth, but the Boston east wind comes direct from the sea. The original race was sturdy and thought little of the chilling sea-blast, but a

less frugal fare and more sedentary life has weakened resistance to its effect and the yearly tribute to this dread disease, the white plague, seems to increase.

It is a curious fact that the race that has struggled most successfully against the original exclusiveness of Boston is the Irish. One does not find such a conglomerate of citizens here as in New York or in Chicago, but more than two-fifths of the citizens are aliens, and the great majority of these are Irish. It is refreshing to hear the sharp-cut Irish brogue sandwiched in with the drawling speech of the old Bostonese. It is a somewhat sharp contrast, but a healthy one.

One of the statues with which the city is adorned attracted my attention, not so much for its intrinsic merit as on account of the historic associations recalled by it. It is that of William Lloyd Garrison. It recalled the strange part taken by this city in the Abolition movement. One can scarcely credit the statement that in these very streets Garrison was mobbed, and not by the usual rowdy element that constitute mobs, but by those who stood well in the city, who were among the most respected citizens. And they treated Phillips and Adams in the same spirit. Was it the old conservatism that instinctively arrayed itself against any new teaching? But these people were radical in some respects! Perhaps it was some lingering trace of the class distinction so prevalent in the land

from which their fathers had come. But when war actually broke out another instinct was wakened, stronger than that of class prejudice, and Boston gave of her best and gave it freely in defence of the Union.

The name of Garrison is but one of many who have been Boston-born, or who have made this their adopted home. Among historians one finds trace here and memories of Bancroft, of Prescott, of Motley and of Parkman, names that are known where the English language is spoken. Then, too, there are those who have written in lighter vein, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, with a host of minor litterateurs, who from this centre sent out their messages to men. One would like to linger where these men have been. Somehow they speak to us with greater effect when we are looking upon the scenes that were before them as they wrote. And if we are not as susceptible to the spirit that speaks freely to higher minds as these men were, we too in our measure may receive our message amid the scenes made sacred by their interpretation.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

SHAKESPEARE.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.
O no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feelings of the worse.

SHAKESPEARE.

Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

YOUNG.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS, rather than Washington, is the city of magnificent distances. In area it includes a whole county, whose length is fifteen miles, with a breadth of eight miles. It has the better distinction, however, of being essentially a home centre; there are more home comforts within that area than in any other part of America. The Quakers founded the city, and many of the good qualities of the founders have descended through successive generations. The severely plain exterior of many of the houses, whole streets being built with only the street number to distinguish them, is the first peculiarity one notices, telling of the origin of the city. Another is the hearty hospitality offered to the passing guest, making one forget the repellent plainness of outer architecture.

They are quiet and orderly people, these Philadelphians. As Boston gives evidence of its Puritan

ancestry in the vigor with which it resists any restraint put upon its liberty of thought and action, so traces of the quiet, upright Quaker are still seen in the citizens of Philadelphia. The civic administration, while not perfect, is yet far in advance of other cities with which this city ranks. The systematic plan upon which the streets have been laid out, and the houses numbered, prepares the traveller for an orderly arrangement throughout, and on the whole he is not disappointed.

The first feature of the city to attract the eye of the business man is the large manufacturing interest, in almost every department, to be found here. We were told that a quarter of a million men find steady employment in the shops. One of these alone, the steel and iron industry, employs upwards of forty thousand men, while the manufacture of woollens and similar goods gives employment to sixty-five thousand more. The exports and imports for the city take rank among those of the first cities of the Union, the former having reached almost six per cent. of the whole, and the latter nearly seven per cent of the total import of the United States. Philadelphia has said so little of her merchandise that it comes as a surprise to find that she stands so high among the merchant cities of the Union. She is characteristically silent about this and all her other achievements. If one of her sons reaches fame she gives him a hearty but shamefaced acknowledgment. If she outstrips all

other cities in any department she makes no boast of it, as witness her splendid Medical School, long without a rival, and still in the van, but about which she has said less than others in the way of praise. She is quite conscious of the fact that some of her institutions stand first, and is quietly proud of it, but, unlike some of her big sisters, conceals her satisfaction.

In some respects one is reminded of Glasgow in the conduct of business in the "Quaker City," as she still loves to be called. There is little noise, as little as possible, about it, and it flows smoothly and evenly on, with a current that is deep, steady and strong. Chestnut Street, while perhaps not so monotonously regular as Buchanan Street, is yet sufficiently staid in appearance to make one listen for the strong Doric accent from the lips of the comfortable-looking merchants one meets. And while "You" has taken the place of "Thee" and "Thou" in the common speech, the spirit of the first merchants still holds sway in sober speech and deliberate action.

The educational advantages that Philadelphia has provided for her children, and for her older sons and daughters are unsurpassed, even by Boston. She maintains her public schools at an annual expenditure of more than two and a half millions; she has an excellent normal and high school system in which upwards of two thousand are annually enrolled; her Roman Catholic citizens

are specially provided for in the fine Cahill High School; there are free schools for the training of the blind, deaf and dumb; free schools for mechanical training; theological seminaries for the training of Anglican, Lutheran and Roman Catholic students, and in the Pennsylvania University an institution that stands among the first of the great Universities of the United States. We have spoken of Jefferson Medical College, which dates from 1825, and has from the first stood at the head of the schools for medical training, and in which there are annually upwards of six hundred students. There are four other institutions for the study of the science of medicine in the city, one of these being the Women's Medical College, which was a pioneer in that work.

Fairmount Park, second in beauty to none in the world, and second in size only to one, the celebrated Prater of Vienna, is one of the most attractive features of Philadelphia. At first only a modest plot of five acres, remarkable chiefly because the primitive waterworks system of that day was located there, it has grown, by purchases, and by bequests of land, till it now extends over three thousand acres, "a vast civic domain, . . . with wooded tracts and deep ravines, with hills and dales, and brown streams rippling into shallow pools, and the river winding its leisurely way through the heart of the people's playground." In it are many of the historic homes of the old city.

Mt. Pleasant, once the home of Benedict Arnold, still stands upon its ancient site within the limits of the Park; the small house that William Penn built for a daughter who lacked the complacent disposition of her father, has been carried bodily and placed here; and a curious structure, which a descendant of Penn built for himself, when he took the whim to be alone, stands shrouded with trees and close clinging vines in a section of the most popular haunt of the citizens. If the spirit of the recluse ever revisits the home it once inhabited when in the body, it will find little satisfaction in the beauty and brightness of the scene once so solitary.

Within the Park also are reminders of the pioneer World's Fair, the Centennial Exhibition. The beautiful Horticultural Hall and Memorial Hall are ornaments to the park and to the city. The former is an especially beautiful structure, but opinion is divided upon the latter, some denouncing it in unmeasured terms for its inartistic appearance. It was the contribution of the State of Pennsylvania, while the Horticultural Hall was one of the gifts of Philadelphia to the great Exhibition.

Of course the Centennial has been eclipsed by more recent exhibitions, notably by the World's Fair at Chicago. But it was Philadelphia that led the way, as she has done in many other enterprises. It has been more easy to follow and outstrip, than

it was to blaze the first path. So it has been comparatively easy to improve upon the first daily newspaper, of which Philadelphia was the home. The first magazine saw the light here, the pioneer medical school was established here, the first American warship was built here. So too the first American Congress was held here, and the first Supreme Court of the United States. And while other cities may have taken up the trail and followed it with greater vigor, this staid city has kept plodding on, and is not far behind the foremost when the first rush is over.

It takes her some time to awaken to a sense of her latent possibilities. The two glories of the city, her Park and her University, were for many decades shamefully neglected. But when the awakening came, and there dawned upon the newly aroused mind the possibilities contained in each, she went quietly to work to develop them, and has not ceased, but seeks to realize to the full the opportunity each affords. The history of the development of these two features of Philadelphia alone affords the civic historian abundant material for a most interesting volume, far more worthy of shelf-room than the usual civic annals.

The civic administration is largely in the hands of the Mayor. In his hands lies the appointment of the heads of the several departments, public works, finance, education and charities. As a rule the affairs of the city have been well administered,

though the authority thus put in the hands of one man gives opportunity for grave abuses. Good men have, as a rule, been secured, and the progress of the city is the best evidence of it. Perhaps the greatest cause for grumbling has been found in the City Hall, which has been unsparingly condemned as unsuitable, unsightly, and almost every other negative adjective has been expended upon it. But that is not a unique distinction.

The city leaves upon one the impression of conservatism that holds to a good thing, but keeps wide-open eyes for a better, and gladly welcomes the best that can be found. The quiet reserve of the original founders still broods over the city and permeates its business affairs, and all its transactions. It cares little for the advance of other cities, but keeping a high aim, marks out a path for itself, and steadily keeps to it. The success of Philadelphia, the air of stability and comfort that is everywhere apparent among her citizens is the best testimony the United States affords to the value of quiet, self-contained, well-directed effort in a new land.

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.

BUTLER.

Thy spirit, independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, immortal name
So full of high resounding fame,
Well may the bells peal joyously,
Throughout this Land of Liberty.

The Father of his Country, men
Recite his wonderous deeds again;
Tell how he made his country free
By his most loyal bravery.

This morning, chiming soft and slow,
Came from the old hill, sweet and low,
The sound of bells extolling him
Whose memory will ne'er grow dim.

GRACE KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMERICA'S CAPITAL CITY

THE City of Washington is well worth a visit at any time, but it is especially interesting in the early spring, because of its natural beauty, and when Congress is in session, because of the society that flocks there at that time. One goes to see the city. No one thinks of going there to do business, except it be to secure some bit of legislation by judicious lobbying.

This city has the unique distinction of having been built for the purpose it is now serving. Philadelphia was originally the capital. For reasons that were deemed sufficient to all but the people of Philadelphia, it was decided to remove the seat of Government from that city. There were many suitors for the coveted distinction, and the difficulty of choosing was solved by creating a new city, which should serve as the capital, and whose plan

should be drawn with this express object in view. In the opening year of the present century the first Congress was held in the Federal City, as it was named by Washington, its founder. A grateful people changed the name to that of its founder, who was also the founder of the nation of which this was the recognized centre. The city has not been allowed to retain its supremacy without some effort. On at least two occasions attempts have been made to deprive it of the distinction conferred by the choice of the first President, but the efforts proved unavailing. In view of the prestige acquired, and the costly Departmental buildings erected there, it is not likely that the attempt will be again renewed.

The plan of the city is peculiar. Streets cross each other at right angles with great regularity, but running diagonally across these are the beautiful avenues of the city, thus cutting the city in all directions. More space is given over to the streets than in any other city in America, and in addition to that set apart for traffic, a series of parks and squares are scattered liberally over the city, till almost one-half of the area within the city limits is thus consumed. The result is one of the most open and beautiful cities in the world. It is said the original plan was based upon the plan of Versailles, but if so, the copy is an improvement upon the original.

The Capitol is, of course, the centre of attraction.

It stands on a rising ground that would scarcely be dignified by the name of a hill, but that serves admirably to display the magnificent building that crowns it. The general plan is that of a great central building with two wings. Over the central portion rises the dome, surmounted by the lantern and the bronze statue of Liberty. Under the dome is the Rotunda, richly ornamented with frescoes. To the left as one stands in the Rotunda, and faces the east, is the Senate Chamber, with its seats for eighty Senators, and gallery for one thousand people. To the right is the Hall of Representatives, seated for over three hundred and fifty members, and capable of accommodating fifteen hundred spectators in addition. Opening from the Rotunda also is the National Statuary Hall, with niches for the statues of the men a State may wish to honor, two spaces allotted to each State. It adds greatly to the beauty of the Capitol that it is so generously set in an open space, in which everything is arranged to contribute to the impression made by the central building. And the view from the front, or slightly to the left, of the eastern façade, with its half a hundred and more fine columns, is certainly imposing.

The White House, as the President's official residence is familiarly called, stands upon Pennsylvania Avenue, interrupting the course of this splendid Avenue midway. The name has been given because of the color of the house. It is not built of

marble, as many suppose, but of freestone, and is painted white. It is not at all an ornate building, and does not suggest the modern architect, yet it is not offensively plain. Clustered near to the Capitol are the other great public buildings, the Treasury Departmental Building, the State House, the splendid new War and Navy Building, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and others of minor importance. Here too one sees the "beautiful white shaft" of the Washington Monument, rising on the banks of the Potomac River to the height of 555 feet, and which cost the nation about one million and a quarter of dollars. Washington, by the way, is well supplied with monuments. On the way from the Capitol to Washington's Monument one passes through what is known as "The Mall," a succession of small squares and open spaces, each bearing the name of some distinguished man, and containing a statue erected in his honor. And at almost every important point in the City some monument has been erected to the memory of a great man or in commemoration of some noble deed. For the most part, too, these statues are in excellent taste, and furnish a means of education that can hardly be over-estimated.

In passing down the "Mall" one passes the famous Smithsonian Institute. This enjoys the distinction of being built of red sandstone, and being somewhat more ornate than many of the other public buildings. Since the foundation of

this Institution, by the munificent bequest of the man whose name it bears, many valuable scientific works, that would not otherwise have seen the light, have been published by its direction, and at its expense. The courses of lectures alone that have been delivered under its auspices have more than justified the expenditure of about half a million for the encouragement of science. Then, too, it has specially encouraged original research.

In and about the City are many evidences of the care the United States bestows upon its servants when they have grown grey in the service, or when misfortune has overtaken them. Eastward from the City, on the other side of the river, is the National Asylum for the Insane, specially provided for those sufferers in the army or navy. Those who are residents of the district of Columbia may also be admitted. At present there are upwards of one thousand inmates confined here.

To the north of the City, on the outskirts, but near enough to be within pleasant driving distance, is the Soldiers' Home, for those who have grown grey in the service, or who have been disabled in battle. This is one of the most pleasing sights of Washington. The old veterans are housed in comfortable cottages that give them as much home life as is possible in a public institution, and their surroundings are among the most beautiful in the City or about it. Indeed, so beautifully kept is the six hundred acres of park and forest that, quite apart

from the attraction of the Home for Aged and Disabled Soldiers many visit the Park to enjoy its rare natural beauty.

Washington society has been variously described. The Philadelphia matron says it is cold and formal. The Bostonese lament its lack of culture. The New Yorker would call it quiet. Certainly one may find the best society in America in the capital, and perhaps also the worst. The newly elected Senator, with an ambitious wife and marriageable daughters, is not the most agreeable person to meet. Nor, for that matter, are some who affect to disdain the common herd who crush into the corridors and rooms of the White House once or twice a year. But among those who fill responsible positions, both in the Home and Foreign staffs, one will find some of the most cultured men and women to be found in America.

A visit to the House of Representatives and to the Senate Chamber does not enhance one's idea of the superiority of the people of the United States. If these are her representative men the average is not intellectually very high. There is an amount of spread-eagleism in debate that palls upon an alien, but seems to amuse the average American. It is unfortunate that there is room for 1,000 spectators in the Senate Chamber, and for half a thousand more than that in the Hall of Representatives. The temptation to talk to the gallery is irresistible. In a recent debate, when the gravest national

issues were pending, day after day was spent in listening to mere bombast. It was evident that the speakers merely desired to go on record. They had no intention of contributing to the elucidation of the matter at issue, they were speaking so that their constituents might read what they had said. Weeks might have been saved had they agreed to hand their speech to the printer with the footnote, "This is what I would have said, had I got a chance."

We suppose it will be little better so long as the professional politician finds his way to Congress. The American has the habit of laughing at the tricks by which men get themselves elected. They have given over speaking of a Representative as the choice of the people. He chose to get there, and he succeeded. How? Sometimes it is well not to push the enquiry too closely. These men do not represent the American people. Among them are some of whom any people might be proud, but of many of them one would not care to speak too often. They do their legislating in the lobby, and merely record what has been done there, when they enter the Chamber.

Washington can scarcely be classed with other cities in America. It holds a unique position. It is representative, not of a section of the United States, but of the United States. Its environment is not that of an eastern city, but of the nation. It exists for the nation, and it exists by means of

the nation. The army of civil servants employed in the public buildings constitute the citizens in great part. These lodge there, and the life of the city is not home life, but the boarding-house and the hotel flourish. The State recognizes the exceptional character of this city, for it administers the civic affairs, and pays one-half of the taxes, only asking the citizens to pay the remaining part. It is a most interesting city to visit, but one longs for home and thankfully returns to it after his visit.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
In such pent borders to be spanned?
Oh yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heavens wide and free.

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heavens wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more pure and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is the world-wide fatherland.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother.
That spot of earth is thine and mine;
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW YORK—THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

GREATER New York embraces an area whose extreme length is 32 miles and greatest width 16 miles. Within this area live 3,400,000 souls, and the assessed value of the real estate there is $2,221,879,875. The city ranks first in the United States and second in the world. These figures, however, give very little idea of anything but bigness. They tell us nothing of the conditions of life among the millions of men, women and children, of every race, color, creed and variety of ignorance or culture that are to be found within the limits indicated. There one finds, on Fifth Avenue, the multi-millionaire, with an income of upwards of $1,200 for every hour of the twenty-four, and down in the Bowery are those who never know what it is to eat as Christians ordinarily do. On Upper Broadway one will find men and women of the highest culture, and on Lower Broadway there are

beings so imbruted that they are still called men only because they bear the semblance of man in outward form. Not even in Old London will one see greater contrast than in New York.

Life is at high tension in this great city. Everywhere men seem impatient of delay. Methods of quick transit are constantly being devised to bring them swiftly to business in the morning and carry them away from it at night. The trolley supersedes the omnibus, the elevated roads supplements the trolley, the huge Suspension Bridge is thrown across the river that lies between the home and the office, and swift trains rush the men across that they may gain ten minutes of business hours. The street is thronged during the day with men who jostle and push and rush hither and thither with the eager look of those whose success or failure depends on the result of the next moment. You meet a friend on the street whom perhaps you last saw on the Champs Elysees in Paris, and if you stop him he will look at you with the gaze of the wedding-guest upon the Ancient Mariner to whose story he was forced to listen. It is the unceasing roar of the world-traffic that oppresses one in London, but the roar, though greater in the streets of New York, is unheeded in the swirl and rush that sweeps about one, till you are glad to be swept into an eddy that you may catch your breath.

I stood on Brooklyn Bridge, on the New York side, where a projection sheltered me from the

crowd, and watched the two lines of cars cross and recross it bearing their loads of passengers, watched the great central promenade, with its endless throng, and the double line of traffic to and fro. I looked down over the edge of the bridge, and far beneath me saw the train of the elevated railway, below that again the trolley cars and traffic of the street, and pavements full of foot passengers. Still lower, on the river, the craft of all sorts were plying back and forth. When aerial traffic has become controllable there will doubtless be another busy overhead thoroughfare added to these. What is it all about, this hurry and rush! Not for the almighty dollar exactly, but more to get ahead of the next man.

Broadway, in the several well-defined sections of its ten miles of length, epitomizes the life of New York. In Battery Park, once the fashionable resort, one sees the lower stratum at its best, for it has come out to breathe. From the Bowling Green to the Post Office is financial New York, with its heart somewhat to one side. Then begins the professional section, soon merging into the commercial, which continues in varying form till Union Square is reached. Above the Square begins the fashionable portion, first its favorite shops then its magnificent hotels, then its theatres, and finally its palatial residences, though these are seen to better advantage on Fifth Avenue.

A visit to the Stock Exchange, on Broad Street,

a little to the right from Broadway, will give a good illustration of the tensity of New York business life especially if certain stocks are a little uncertain. Looking down from the gallery upon the floor of 'Change, one sees what appears to be a scene of hopeless confusion. In the babel of voices it is impossible for the casual visitor to ditinguish anything clearly, and how any important business can be transacted intelligently is a marvel. Yet in what has seemed an hour of utter confusion, transactions have been completed that will mean sudden wealth to some, as sudden reduction to poverty for others. The volume of business varies. It may be comparatively quiet at times, but the aggregate transactions for the year are enormous.

Central Park is one of the most beautiful breathing spaces in America, and by some it is claimed to be the most beautiful in the world. It lies as near as may be in the heart of the city, a section of 840 acres, reclaimed from swamp and common, and converted into a natural garden in the midst of the mass of brick and stone with which Manhattan Island is covered. Into the Park, during the afternoon of fine days, there pours from Fifth Avenue, the wealth and beauty of America. Through another entrance the sporting fraternity dash with their latest fast horses. In another part the juveniles make the afternoon hideous with their yells of encouragement or execration to companions on the ball field, or in some other sport. Near the

margin of the lake is Miss Stebbins' beautiful fountain, designed to illustrate the healing at the Pool of Bethesda. To the north still farther are the two reservoirs, containing the water supply of the city. Winding drives and shady walks, that now skirt the margin of the little lake, now plunge into the wood, cross the park in every direction, and the scene, on a beautiful spring or autumn afternoon is a most enchanting one.

The water, stored in the great reservoirs towards the northern end of the park, is brought through the famous Croton Aqueduct for a distance of forty miles, being carried over the Harlem River on the High Bridge. Brooklyn has its own water supply, obtained from Long Island, on which it is situated. The supply, in both sections of the city, is abundant in quantity, and excellent in quality. And so great is the pressure that even the huge sky-scrapers in the down-town section of the old city, are plentifully supplied.

Brooklyn is the most important annex of Greater New York. Harlem River separates it from the old city, but for some years that river has been spanned by the splendid Brooklyn Bridge. Even this bridge is sorely taxed to accommodate the traffic between the two sections of the huge city. Brooklyn is the dormitory of New York. Here the thousands who work on Manhattan Island make their homes. Some idea of the extent to which this is true may be gathered by standing at either

entrance to Brooklyn Bridge at five and six o'clock on a workday evening, and watch the mass of human beings pouring out from the city to the east side of Harlem. At the time of the federation of all the outlying cities into Greater New York, Brooklyn alone had a population of over one million souls. It is the City of Churches and of home life. It too has its shadows, but these are lightness itself in comparison with that of Old New York.

The famous Coney Island watering-place is within the limits of Brooklyn. The Brooklynites are not anxious to claim the whole beach at Coney Island, but are especially partial to the section known as Brighton, leaving the Manhattan section to the fashionable New Yorker, and West Brighton and the West End to the general public of the great city. The lines are pretty clearly drawn, and though all abandon themselves to the enjoyment of the day, and seem to mingle freely, one who makes the tour of each resort will readily recognize the distinctions drawn. It is a country where every man is free and equal, by declaration, but "Hodge" and "My Lord" are very much in evidence at Coney Island. However, it does not seem to interfere with the enjoyment of "Hodge" in the least.

By taking the steamer back to the city from Coney Island one has a good view of the harbor. The Narrows, into which the steamer at once enters on rounding the point of Coney Island, is a channel

not more than a mile in width, and is well fortified on either side. The channel soon widens into the Upper Bay, and it is not difficult to appreciate the praise that has been given this fine safe and commodious harbor. Immediately before us as we steam up the bay is Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, but it is more beautiful at night, when Liberty's torch flashes out her invitation to the nations of the world to bring their merchandise to her mart. For mile after mile, on the Brooklyn side, on either side of the Manhattan, and on the Jersey side, are the docks, thronged with the shipping from all parts of the globe. It is a busy scene, and one where the visitor would like to linger. Ocean-going vessels pass and repass continually, some for Britain, some for the continent, some for ports in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Merchantmen, well laden are slowly coming in, others making ready to go out with the tide. And all day the noise of the tackle is heard, loading or unloading the thousands of craft that line the shores of the harbor.

But New York has other interests than those of business or pleasure. Her beautiful parks are evidence of her love of natural beauty. Her many galleries of art tell of her love for all that makes for culture. In these it is not merely a display of pictures that wealth has been able to purchase, it is a collection of art gems that indicate that love of the beautiful and instinct to recognize it that gives real value to any collection of art treasures. Per-

haps the most important of these galleries is that of The Metropolitan Museum of Art. It seems scarcely credible that the beginnings of this collection do not yet lie forty years back. Wealthy patrons have treated the project most liberally, one lady willing her entire collection, valued at half a million, and an additional sum of money amounting to $200,000 to the Museum. There are not the rare masterpieces from the hands of the old masters that one meets in the galleries and private collections in Europe, though, even already, some of these are finding their way across the Atlantic.

There are phases of New York Life of which one would like to speak. Her educational institutions, her munificent charities and benevolent institutions, her untiring efforts to evangelize the irreligious mass that eke out an existence in the heart of the great city, all these are phases of that great life-current that surges to and fro, and whose outstanding features we have tried to catch in passing.

I stand alone at midnight on the deck,
And watch with eager eye the sinking shore
Which I may view, it may be, never more;
For there is tempest, battle, fire and wreck,
And Ocean hath her share of each of these,—
Attest it, thousand rotting argosies,
Wealth-laden, sunken in the southern seas.
And who can say that evermore these feet
Shall tread thy soil, Acadia? Who can say
That evermore this heart of mine shall greet
The loved to whom it sighs adieu to-day?
Our sail is set for countries far away;
Our sail is set, and now is no retreat,
Though Ocean should but lure, like Beauty, to betray.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CITY OF HALIFAX.

THE City of Halifax has an ideal situation for a naval station and for a seaport town. There are really three harbors. The outer and more open one retains the old Indian name for the entire harbor—Chebuctoo Bay—meaning the best of havens. Four miles inland the bay contracts, and is further narrowed by McNab Island, which also marks the boundary of the second harbor. On the left as one enters the mile-wide channel, the guns of York Redoubt occupy a position commanding the entrance, built into and upon the wall of granite that rises sheer 150 feet from the margin of the tide. The channel is an absolutely safe one, the depth being in most places 100 feet. Beyond the entrance the harbor widens slightly, and two miles farther in is divided into the Northwest Arm and the second harbor. Here are five more forts, three of them concealed in the park at the end of the penin-

sula, two on the island whose northern extremity is just across the harbor. For five miles farther, bounded by the peninsula on the southwest, and the mainland on the northeast, enclosing St. George's Island between its outer shores, and gradually narrowing, till at the upper end it is not more than five hundred yards wide, this second harbor stretches. After passing a point, known as the Narrows, the harbor again widens into a magnificent inner basin, called Bedford Basin, with a length of five miles, a breadth of two miles, and a depth of 200 feet. Any one of these harbors may be entered at any time of the tide, and at all seasons of the year, and within their boundaries it is claimed that the entire British navy could find safe anchorage. Indeed a fair sized navy could find room to manœuvre within the inner harbor.

The strategic importance of Halifax was very soon discovered, first, however, by the enemies of Britain. Indeed, it was the selection of this point as the rendezvous of an expedition against the early British colonists that first led to the petition for its being fortified. Since that time it has always been the chief naval station of Britain on the North Atlantic. Partly for this reason, partly because of the facilities it affords, the city has had more than a proportionate share in the troublous times of the early history of the British colonies in America.

The city is built upon the eastern shore of the

peninsula enclosed by the Northwest Arm on the west and south, and by the second harbor on the east. It occupies the middle three miles of the eastern shore of the peninsula. The most conspicuous point within its limits is, of course, Citadel Hill, which rises to a height of 250 feet above the level of the sea. Behind the Hill, and to the north, lies an open space known as "The Commons," once on the outskirts of the city, but now encircled by it. Here the many reviews of this military centre are held, and a magnificent view of every movement may be obtained from the slopes of Citadel Hill. Also to the rear of the Hill, but to the south, are the Public Gardens, and these, the Halifax citizen will proudly tell you, are the best of their kind on this side of the water. Of course one has heard this statement in connection with several other cities, but, making due allowance for local prejudice, we may cordially admit the claim of the Halifax man.

To the south, and occupying the entire point of the peninsula, and covering a space of 200 acres, lies Point Pleasant Park. Partly from its situation, partly from the great care bestowed upon it, in large part from the presence of the cleverly masked batteries within its limits, this forms one of the most interesting little Parks in America. One may find a cool breeze here when all the rest of the world is sweltering, and in listening to the tide lapping the rocks below, or in wandering through

the winding walks that are dark with the close, low-drooping foliage, one may forget that about him lies a world gasping for breath. To the north of the city, at the other extremity of the peninsula, another park has been laid out, and promises to be a credit to the promoters, while in no sense a rival to the older resort. Beyond the Northwest Arm, in the granite hills whose rough edges are often worn smooth by glacial action, lie the springs from which the city derives its water supply.

Across the Narrows, once separate, but now virtually a part of the city proper, is the town of Dartmouth, which, with its population of 7,000, brings up the total population of the city to 50,000. In the town of Dartmouth is situated the fine Provincial Insane Asylum, and some of the most important manufacturing interests have their centre here. To the south of Dartmouth is situated Fort Clarence, which, with the Citadel and Fort Charlotte on St. George's Island, make a complete inner line of fortifications. So secure do the citizens feel within this double line, that they are accustomed to call Halifax the "Cronstadt" of America. Unfortunately destructive instruments of war seem to more than keep pace with the means of defence that are being provided.

Halifax has the distinction of being the second in rank of the export ports of Canada, and the third in imports. Montreal stands first in the former, and Montreal and Toronto stand ahead of

Halifax in the latter class. It is the terminus for the Intercolonial Railway system and for the Canadian Pacific Railway system. From this port, also, regular lines of steamers run to London, Boston, New York, the West Indies, and other important points. The largest graving dock in America is situated here, and, with perhaps the exception of the latest of the marine monsters, it is capable of receiving any ocean steamer afloat. Halifax is near the coal fields of Nova Scotia, and offers so fine and safe a harbor, that a large proportion of ocean-going steamers put in here to coal up. Its harbor presents a busy scene during the season.

In ecclesiastical circles the city gains some distinction from being the seat of the arch-episcopal see of the Roman Catholic Church, and that body has the greatest strength of any Christian denomination. The Anglican Church comes next, with the residence of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and his Cathedral and eleven other churches in the city and suburbs. The Roman Catholic College is also situated here, and Pine Hill Presbyterian College in the immediate vicinity. Dalhousie College, in the eightieth year of its history, gives an educational advantage to the city. The original site of the University was in the heart of the city, but thirteen years ago it was removed to its present better quarters and quieter surroundings. The University is fairly well equipped, thanks to the

generosity of a former Halifax resident who made his wealth in another city, but did not forget the institutions of his native place. There are Faculties in Arts, in Law, in Medicine and in Science in the University.

The city gives one the impression of being well and solidly built, chiefly in freestone and brick, and according to a regular plan. The climate is not an ideal one, but is on the whole healthy, and the traditions of the city save it, to some extent, from the rush and worry of the modern American town. The society of the city is largely influenced by the presence of the military, and partakes of the atmosphere of officialism that one always observes at a military centre. The city has made fair provision for her citizens in Free Libraries, in Hospitals and in charitable institutions. For the more unfortunate the Province has located here the Halifax School for the Blind, and the Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, both creditable institutions of their kind.

The worried man of business may find time pass pleasantly and restfully in this city by the sea. The people here are busy, but seem to have time to properly discharge their business. There is no exciting rush, but men go about their work quietly and methodically. There is an air of stability about things that gives one a desire to live and enjoy life. They have electricity, and the telephone, and other modern improvements, but they

use these to make life more easy and pleasant rather than an additional burden. While the Western man would hardly care to choose this city as a place of business, after the training he has received to stem a stronger and fiercer current, it rests him and steadies him to come down here and tone up his jangling nerves.

Shall we not be all one race, shaping and welding the nation?
Is not our country too broad for the schisms which shake petty lands?
Yea, we shall join in our might, and keep sacred our firm Federation,
Shoulder to shoulder arrayed, hearts open to hearts, hands to hands.

BARRY STRATON.

Yet survives a strain,
One of saddest singing,
Chant of habitant,
On the river ringing;
Born in olden France,
All of dame and dance,
Brought with golden lily.
From the distant pines,
From the northern waters,
From hardy sons and toiling daughters.
Salutation; Salutation.

SERANUS.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAINT JOHN, N.B.

THE City of Saint John, as the New Brunswicker writes his principal city, to distinguish it from St. John's, Newfoundland, is prettily situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. A promontory to the south and east of the harbor, and behind this, on the slopes of the hills, and overlooking the harbor, lies the city. To the west and north is the City of Portland, a somewhat pretentious name for the little town that stretches along the northern bank of the river, where it turns eastward. Where the river-valley bends north, beyond Portland, the bed narrows and through the rocky channel the waters rush, at low tide, in what might almost be called a rapid, but at high tide the current of the river is driven back and thirty feet of water flows northward where a shallow stream rushed south a few hours before. Two fine bridges span

the river at this point and connect the city with the rich country beyond.

The city has an extended history, first as an Indian hamlet, then as a French fort, a trace of which may still be found in the name of the fort across the river on the western side of the harbor. After the French were driven from the fort, about the middle of the eighteenth century it was held by the British for a time, and about one hundred and seventeen years ago, when the exodus of Loyalists from the United States took place, about five thousand of them settled upon the site that has since become the City of Saint John. Simond's parish, adjoining the city, and separated from it by Courtenay Bay, receives its name from one of the very early British settlers, even antedating the settlement of Loyalists there. It is part of a grant of land given to an Englishman of that name who lived here during the troublous times of the American Revolution, and who remained thoroughly loyal to the British crown under strong inducement to cast in his lot with the revolutionary party. The grant of land was in acknowledgment of his adherence to the British sovereign.

The splendid forests lying to the west and north of the city largely determined its commerce. For many years its lumbering and fishing interests were paramount, and though the character of the former has in some degree changed, the lumbering is still one of the principal features of trade. Shipbuild-

ing has also obtained considerable prominence, but there are few wooden ships of importance built now, and this trade has become secondary. It is not the ambition of the people of Saint John to become a manufacturing centre; they have been for some time past devoting themselves to an effort to make their city the distributing point for imported goods. The completion of the Intercolonial railway system, and the recent connection of the Canadian Pacific system with Saint John has done much to aid them in the realization of this ambition. They are greatly aided also by the protective policy pursued in the United States, which had made free intercourse practically impossible, and so has developed a port of entry which, while less easy of access, is still within the limits of our own territory.

The city has not been free from misfortune. Two fires have swept over it, reducing the principal portion of the city to ashes. The last of these, the great fire of 1877, left 13,000 of the people homeless. There was an instant and generous response to the appeal for assistance made to the people of Canada, but it has taken time to recover from the terrible experience. A new, and more substantial city has arisen, however, with citizens in no wise daunted by the reverse, and quite as confident as of old that their city will yet be the great eastern commercial mart.

Stone has largely replaced wood in the building

of the principal residences and public buildings. As a residental centre Saint John has many attractions. The undulating site chosen for the city gives not only opportunity for beautifying the homes, but furnishes facilities for drainage that few cities possess. The climate too, while occasionally visited by prolonged fogs, is equable, the temperature rarely falling below zero in the winter, or rising to 80 degrees in the summer. And if we are to judge a city by its mortality returns, Saint John enjoys an enviable reputation for the good health and long life of its citizens. The streets of the city are wide and well kept, and some of the public buildings, at least, are worthy of passing notice. The Custom House, the Post Office, the various Churches are creditable buildings, substantially and tastefully built. In one of the churches, Trinity Church, one may see a reminder of former days. When the Loyalists were forced to leave Boston at the time of the Revolution, they carried with them the Royal Coat of Arms that had occupied a place in the Town Hall of that city. It was brought to Saint John, where many of these Loyalists settled, and now has a place in this Church there.

The city possesses a Park, beautiful for situation, and rich in promise, when the trees that have been planted there shall have passed the first generation. One of the features of this place is the magnificent sunsets, especially in the early summer and

late autumn. When seen from the promontory overlooking the harbor, through the rich haze of a summer evening, or the denser mist of autumn, the scene is one of the most pleasant memories the traveller can carry with him from this city by the sea. Another feature that lingers in the memory of the western visitor is the rush of the incoming or the outgoing tide, but especially the former. The tides in the Bay of Fundy rise to an enormous height, and even here they reach thirty-five feet. The current of the river is rapid where it enters the estuary forming the harbor and an interesting half-hour may be spent on one of the bridges watching the struggle where the river and ocean meet and where the current of the former is gradually driven back till it recedes from sight far up the river.

Saint John, though by far the largest city in the Province, is not the seat of government. That has been given to Fredericton, a comparatively small town, about ninety miles up the river. But some of her citizens have gained distinction in public life. Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir William Richie, Hon. Isaac Burpee, and many others, were from this city. Among her people there are few who have great wealth, nor are there any who must live in absolute poverty. They belong to the middle class, to what constituted the burghers in the old land cities, and most of them thoroughly enjoy the comforts of life. One expects to find here some traces of the old time aristocratic exclusiveness so char-

acteristic of one section of the stock from which the citizens have sprung. The soil of New Brunswick has not been congenial for its growth, however, and the social life of Saint John is much more free and pleasant than is that of her sister in the neighboring Province.

Naturally one finds traces of American influence here, but it is the atmosphere of Boston that prevails rather than that of New York. And the sturdy patriotism of the old time Loyalist still lives and forms an effective breakwater against the incoming tide of republicanism. Then, too, the memory of certain awards in which Yankee shrewdness played a prominent part, to the permanent loss of this same Province with her western sister, and the refusal to give open door till toll is paid, have done much to neutralize the influence of the nearest neigbors of our New Brunswick compatriots.

Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie,
  Spread wide thy ample robes of state ;
  The heralds cry that thou art great,
And proud are thy young sons of thee.
Mistress of half a continent,
  Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest ;
  We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.
Sprung from the saint and chevalier,
  And with the Scarlet Tunic wed,
  Mount Royal's crown upon thy head ;
And pass thy footstool, broad and clear,
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea ;
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Wolfe and Montcalm—two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain ;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims and Feeling's self imparts.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

MONTREAL has been proud of her mountain, she will yet be more proud of her harbor. After many years of agitation and many disappointments, she has now the prospect of obtaining improvements that will make her harbor worthy of the first seaport city of Canada. For though it is 250 miles from Montreal to the first taste of salt water, yet, with the system of deepening the river bed at certain points, ships of the heaviest burden come up the river, and Montreal has been for many years the chief seaport of the Dominion. Time and again western men have agitated for the deepening of the canal system westward, and the hope is still strong that ocean-going vessels of heavy tonnage shall pass through the upper lakes, and freight shipped at Port Arthur shall pass directly to European ports. But that time is still future, and the wil

lingness of those whose business it is to anticipate the future, to expend a very large sum upon the perfecting of Montreal harbor, is evidence that the dream of the westerner is not likely to be realized immediately.

But Montreal has always been proud of her mountain. It has a very insignificant appearance to the casual visitor, some of whom have contemptuously dubbed it a "mound," others a "hill," but few will dignify it with the name mountain. But these are men whose native city is built upon a level prairie or low terrace, and who can not appreciate the pride of the Montrealer. Certainly the mountain furnishes a fine background for the busy city that nestles at its base. The city has gradually crept up to it and past the corners of it, and, to some little extent, up its sides. The view from the summit is certainly a beautiful one. One naturally turns first to the noble river, and it seems to be flowing swiftly to the sea almost at our feet. Away across it, to the east of the Victoria Bridge, the eye lengthens its vision farther and still farther, till the dim outlines of the mountains, which you are assured are the Adirondacks, checks its farther vision. To the southwest lies Lake St. Louis, and westward one looks upon the Ottawa River rolling towards him to join the St Lawrence. To the north the eye instinctively travels to the chain of granite hills that form the backbone of Canada, and that, further westward, hide in some of their most inaccessible

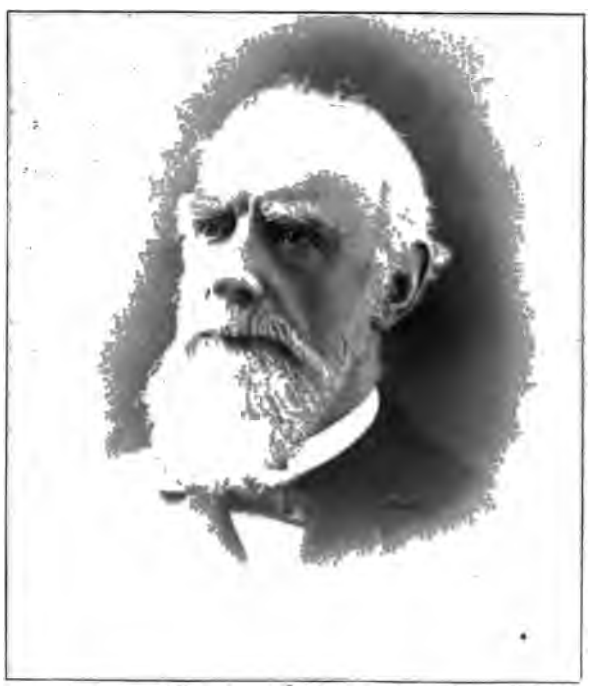
recesses, the precious metal for which men sell their lives.

The western traveller is at once struck by the mingling of the races in this city. There are indeed two cities, and though they have dwelt side by side for more than a century, and have penetrated and interpenetrated at many points, still they are two separate races. Their modes of thought are different, they view life differently. But that which has contributed more than anything else to the separation of the two races has been the religious training of each. The French Canadian has remained essentially Roman Catholic, the Scotch and English Canadian, and many of the Irish, too, are uncompromisingly Protestant. And the Montreal Protestant is more Protestant than is his co-religionist of the western section of Canada. Perhaps the proximity of a strong Catholicism has made Protestantism aggressive. Certainly it is far less tolerant than is the Protestantism of Toronto or Hamilton, for example.

Numerically, the city is largely a Roman Catholic city, but the commercial wealth is in the hands of English-speaking Protestants. The Roman Catholic Church is immensely wealthy, but her wealth does not contribute to the prosperity of the city, in some instances it is a drain. Some of the most valuable property is in the hands of certain orders of the Roman Catholic Church, which is but natural, as the whole city site was once ceded to

one of the Orders that still represents great wealth within the city. The Church of Notre Dame, with its capacity for accommodating 10,000 people, is the finest Church in the Dominion, as the Church of the Society of Jesus is perhaps the most beautiful. The strength of Roman Catholicism is also shown by the many educational institutions under the control of that Church, that have their seat here. There is a branch of Laval University under the charge of a section of the Church; the Sulpicians have a Theological Seminary; the Jesuits have St. Mary's College; and there are numerous convents and schools in connection with Notre Dame and in connection with the order of the Sacred Heart.

Of the other educational institutions McGill University stands pre-eminent. Since the time its charter was granted in 1821, but especially since 1852, this College has stood in the front rank as a Canadian educational institution. It bears the name of the man whose generous bequest of property to the amount of $145,800, which has since largely increased in value, and of $48,600 in money, first placed the University in a comparatively secure position. Since that date other citizens have given generously to the University, notably Lord Strathcona, David Morrice and others, till McGill has at the present time an endowment of $1,400,000, with property valued at $1,900,000, and an annual income of $145,000. Her students



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

number about 1,250 annually, being 19 less than the number reported from Toronto University. In Medicine and in Applied Science the course offered to students by McGill College is pre-eminently superior, and the course in Law will compare favorably with that of any other institution.

Individual citizens in Montreal possess more wealth than those of other Canadian cities, and these men of wealth have shown an admirable spirit in using their wealth for the benefit of the educational and charitable institutions of the city. Reference has already been made to the gifts of some of these to McGill University. Equally generous have been the gifts to the hospitals and schools with which the city is well provided. The education is denominational, the Roman Catholic element largely predominating, and desiring to have the control of the education of its own youth. The Protestant schools are under the control of a Protestant Board, and the taxes of Protestant citizens go to maintain Protestant schools, while those of the Catholic citizens go to the maintenance of the more numerous Catholic schools.

Occasionally one hears comparisons instituted between the French-Canadian and the English-speaking element, based upon the religious belief of each, the former being almost entirely Roman Catholic, the latter being largely Protestant. Certainly the latter control the commerce of the city, the former coming very largely under what is sometimes termed elsewhere—the masses. As an

explanation it is pointed out that the priests of their Church are constantly interfering with matters of everyday life, and that their demands make a constant drain upon the resources of the people under their spiritual guidance. It is true that the Catholic Church is immensely wealthy, but it is not fair to charge it with gaining wealth by the oppression of its people. Rather may we not find the true explanation in the entirely different temperament of the French-Canadian. He does not seek the acquisition of wealth, he does not train himself to it, he seeks comfort and happiness, and when these are secured, is content.

Montreal is largely a commercial city, and from her position relative to Western Canada, will always retain her supremacy in that respect. She is the head of ocean navigation, and from this point Canadian imports will always be distributed. The splendid waterways that stretch more than 2,000 miles inland, navigable only to vessels specially fitted for inland traffic, give her a pre-eminence that no other city can hope to dispute. Then, too, the great lines of the three systems of railway by which Canada is served, converge in the city, and have headquarters here. The telephone system, that branch of business whose importance is even now scarcely second to that of the telegraph, has its headquarters here. She has extensive manufacturing interests, and these have been fostered by the protective policy adopted, till they are now able to stand against any competition.

The business portion of the city is well built, some of the mercantile and public buildings being especially handsome structures. The streets are not creditable, largely, it is said, owing to the character of the men who have been allowed to control civic affairs for some time. But the public spirit of Montreal is being aroused, and in all probability there will be a change in this respect in the near future.

The ecclesiastical buildings are among the finest in the Dominion. St. Peter's Church is modelled after the famous St. Peter's in Rome; the Notre Dame Cathedral has already been noticed; St. Patrick's Church gives evidence of the strength of the Irish Catholic element in the city. Among Protestant Churches perhaps the most notable are Christ Church, the Anglican Cathedral and St. George's, Anglican; the St. James Methodist Church; and historically, though not architecturally, St. Gabriel's Church, Presbyterian.

The city teems with historical associations. Its settlement by the French, so graphically described by Parkman; its cession to the British; its conflict against the invading Americans; the fidelity of its French-Canadian citizens; the internal feuds that have occasionally disturbed its people; one would like to linger over these. So impressed is the traveller who remains long enough to catch the spirit of this historical undercurrent that the real importance of the present commercial centre is apt to be lost in his interest in the city that has been.

Onward the Saxon treads. Few years ago
A chief of the Algonquins passed at dawn,
With knife and tomahawk and painted bow,
Down the wild Ottawa, and climbed upon
A rocky pinnacle, where in the glow
Of boyhood he had loved to chase the fawn;
Proudly he stood there, listening to the roar
Of rapids sounding, sounding evermore.

Again the Indian comes—some years have rolled—
Down the wild Ottawa, and stands upon
His boyhood haunt, and with an eye still bold
Looks round, and sighs for glories that are gone;
For all is changed, except the fall that told,
And tells its maker still, and Birk-rock lone;
Sadly he leans against an evening sky,
Transfigured in its ebb of rosy dye.

He sees a city there;—the blazing forge,
The mason's hammer on the shaping stone,
Great wheels along the stream revolving large,
And swift machinery's whirr and clank and groan,
And the fair bridge that spans the yawning gorge,
Which drinks the spray of Chaudiere, leaping prone,—
And spires of silvery hue, and belfry's toll,
All strike, like whetted knives, the red man's soul.

GEORGE MARTIN.

CHAPTER XXI.

OTTAWA, CANADA'S CAPITAL.

WHETHER a native of the soil or a visitor to its shores, no one would want to tell anything of the Dominion of Canada without including in such a telling a sketch of its beautiful capital city, Ottawa.

I have visited all the leading centres of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and found much to admire in all. But there is a distinctiveness about Ottawa that marks it fittingly as the one city in the Dominion worthy the name of capital.

An Ottawa editor has spoken of the city as a child of two bad parents—War and Political faction. But he wisely observes in his next sentence that the magnificent situation of Ottawa, favored in so many ways by nature, would however in the course of time have insured the growth of a city upon the present site.

Its position, on a natural route between the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, could not possibly with the developments of the country keep it an unimportant hamlet or town. In primeval days it was the natural route of the aborigines. They recognized its value as connecting the east and the west, and to-day the great iron-horse has connected these two sections of the Dominion with Ottawa as a natural connecting point. From that valuable Canadian work, "Encyclopædia of Canada," edited by Mr. Castell Hopkins, I am able to glean much information bearing on the early days of Ottawa. From one's own observation they are able to tell the story of the growth and attractiveness of this city within recent years, but the archives of history must needs be searched for that older story, and this Mr. Hopkins has done with marked ability in his "Encyclopædia."

Military commanders in the early part of the century learned to appreciate the importance of an internal line of communication between the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The question was the finding of this line of communication. After the question had been carefully considered in London, England, and the opinions of the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Burgoyne and others obtained, the Provincial Government of Upper Canada was offered substantial aid by the Imperial authorities if it would undertake the construction of a canal by way of the Rideau River

and internal waters of Kingston. It declined to do so, believing, and rightly from a commercial standpoint, that the St. Lawrence was the best and sufficient for existing local interests. The Imperial Government, therefore, determined to carry out the work itself, which had, in fact, been commenced as a part of the general plan five years earlier at Grenville, between Montreal and the Rideau River.

In 1826 the canal was commenced and the seed of what is now the political centre of the Dominion sown. The scheme was purely a military undertaking and intended for nothing else, and to-day, without being utterly useless, it plays an unimportant part in the commerce and traffic of the country.

This canal is 126¼ miles in length between Ottawa and Kingston, with lockage of 446½ feet.

As far back as 1837 prediction was made that Ottawa would be a great city. Colonel By said in those days that "this land will be very valuable some day; it will be the capital of Canada."

If we come along the course of time to 1852, we commence to see evidences of the growth of Ottawa, the progress having been such then as to divide the place into upper and lower towns. We are told that then there were some sixty stores, seven lesser schools, a grammar school, three banks, three insurance offices, three newspapers, and a telegraph office. A census taken in 1851 shows a population of 7,000, which had swollen by 1854 to 10,000.

In 1859, after much bitter fighting politically, it was settled that Ottawa become the capital of the Dominion, and in 1860 the corner-stone of our beautiful Parliament Buildings, that have won the admiration of travellers from all parts of the world, was laid by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. I hardly need to give any description of this magnificent pile. It is worth anyone's while to visit Ottawa to inspect it and wander through its corridors, to note its beauty of architecture as viewed from the exterior, the artistic taste of the designing of the interior and the completeness of its appointments in every respect.

With Ottawa once the capital the growth of the city was rapid. In 1867 the population was returned at 18,700, and in 1898 the official estimate was 55,386.

The commerce of Ottawa holds an important place in the Dominion. We are apt to think of Ottawa as the centre of official life, and it is not always that great business activity prevails where officialism is predominant. But this is not the case with Ottawa. As the centre of Canada's greatest lumber operations it has ever taken a prominent place in the commercial annals of the country. Here it is that one sees some of the greatest saw-mills on the continent. I think I am correctly informed when I say that the new mill of J. R. Booth is the largest and most complete saw-mill in America.

CANOEING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The Chaudiere Falls, which are a thing of beauty, have served a great commercial purpose in Ottawa. There could hardly have been such a place as Hull were it not for the great water power of the Chaudiere, and if no Hull, then no such great works as those of the Eddy Co., a concern that seems unlimited in its capacity to manufacture goods, whether it be woodenware, the insignificant little match, or the white paper on which is printed the leading dailies of the Dominion. Ottawa and Hull and Eddy must ever be associated together in the commercial history of the country. Some idea of the growth of Ottawa commerce may be gathered from the fact that from 1869 to 1870 Customs duties amounted to $98,622. In 1895 they had extended to $295,166, in 1896 to $334,277, and in 1897-98 to $446,286. The exports are also large.

I was greatly interested in visiting the Parliament buildings, and again in viewing the Chaudiere Falls and the great lumber piles of that section of the city, and also in examining its electric plant, which is said to be the most complete street railway electric plant in Canada. Here again the great power of the Chaudiere Falls is brought into commercial play.

Ottawa is noted for its educational institutions, having a University and a Normal School, as well as other minor educational establishments. Here is also found a branch of the famous Congregation of Notre Dame, of Montreal, in which is conducted

a first class school for girls. The Grey Nuns and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart have also similar institutions on a larger scale, and the Ottawa Ladies' College (Presbyterian), and the Church of England Ladies' School are also important establishments.

To use a common expression of the day, I might spread myself on the elegant beauty of Canada's capital, but what I have said is sufficient to suggest to the traveller how important is this city among the cities of the Dominion, and how worthy it is of a place in their guide books whenever they may visit this Canada of Ours.

Now sailed the cloudless moon through seas of light
And dimmed the sleepless stars that watch the night,
As swiftly turning from the shady lane
The riders crossed a spacious rolling plain,
Hedged by the lofty screen of dusky woods
That hide Niagara's deep-embedded floods.
White clouds of mist rolled upward on the breeze,
Swept o'er the brink, and dripped amongst the trees;
While earth and air, in tremor all around,
Shook in dread cadence to the rumbling sound
That rises up from Nature's troubled womb,
With war unbroken till the day of doom.
They hurried on; the woody veil withdrew,
The wondrous vision swept full into view;
Niagara's twin-born cataracts descend,
And eye and ear with their contentions rend.
A spot of chaos, from Creation's day
Left unsubdued, to show the world alway
What was the earth ere God's commandment ran
That light should be, and order first began.
That dread abyss, what mortal tongue may tell
The seething horrors of its watery hell.
Where, pent in craggy walls that gird the deep,
Imprisoned tempests howl, and madly sweep
The tortured floods, drifting from side to side
In furious vortices, that circling ride
Around the deep arena; or, set free
From depths unfathomed, bursts a boiling sea
In showers of mist and spray, that leap and bound
Against the dripping rocks; while resound
Ten thousand thunders, that as one conspire
To strike the deepest note of Nature's lyre.

WILLIAM KIRBY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WONDERS OF NIAGARA.

THERE are some sights and scenes of which the eye grows weary from much seeing, but this cannot be said of the Niagara Falls, for like a painting by some famous artist, each time they are studied fresh beauties are seen.

The Niagara Falls have done a great deal to add to the fame of Canada. There is only one Niagara Falls, and travellers from the greatest distances have come to view their marvels and beauty.

Like many other Canadians, I have, of course, been a frequent visitor to the Falls. Toronto citizens look upon them as almost their own, the means of access are so pleasant and easy. This good fortune, however, does not come to all the people of Canada, and the Niagara Falls are as yet only existant in their imaginations as much as with people in other countries and far away.

The Falls is one of the great wonders of the world, beyond any question.

In sketching in a brief chapter what the eye sees on a visit to the Falls, it becomes a question what line is best to follow. I take it, however, that the readers of this book will, in many cases, be those who have not had the opportunity of visiting the Falls—who know of them by name, but have little conception of their origin.

To put the sentence in a very matter-of-fact way, it may be said that the Niagara Falls flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, between the State of New York and the Province of Ontario, and so we speak of two distinctive municipalities, the Niagara Falls, Ont., and Niagara Falls, N.Y.—of the American and of the Canadian side.

A usual question to be asked by the stranger is, "What constitutes these great Falls?" The answer is found in the fact that the Niagara River is the channel by which the waters of the four great lakes flow towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence and has a total descent of 333 feet, leaving Lake Ontario just 230 feet above the sea.

The interruption to navigation occasioned by the rapid descent of the Niagara River is bounded on the Canadian side by the Welland Canal; and on the American side the communication between tide water and the upper lakes was first effected by the Erie Canal.

About Lake Erie it grows narrow and takes the

descent with great velocity. This is the commencement of the rapids, which continue for about a mile. The waters accomplished in this descent a fall of 52 feet. The rapids terminate below in a great cataract, the descent of which is 154 feet on the American side and 150 feet on the Canadian. At this point the river makes a curve from the west and spreads out to an extreme width of about 4,750 feet.

Among the great cataracts of the globe that of Niagara stands pre-eminent for the enormous volume of water that is carried over so high a precipice. There are many cataracts which descend much greater heights, but the sublimity of Niagara is in the vast power displayed by a mighty current descending down the long rapids and plunging below in one unbroken sheet into the deep abyss below. In the deep chasm below the current contracts in width to less than 1,000 feet, and is tossed tumultuously about and forms great whirlpools and eddies as it is borne along its rapidly descending bed.

Thus briefly may be told the story of what constitutes this wonderful sheet of water. The attractions of the place, all brought largely into existence by the pranks, if I may say, of the Falls, are remarkable as they are almost numberless. There is that spot so familiar to those who have visited the Falls frequently, known as the Cave of the Winds. This is a cave formed behind the Falls, into which on the Canadian side persons can enter

and pass through a rough and slippery path through to Goat Island.

Perhaps less to-day than when first constructed the Suspension Bridge, thrown across the gorge at the height of 245 feet above the water and supported by pillars upon each bank, the centres of which are 821 feet apart, is admired by thousands of visitors. It is a remarkable piece of bridge-building, despite the great progress that has been made in this line of mechanics in late years.

Three miles below the Falls the river, bending towards the Canadian side, contracts the width to about 250 feet, rushing violently into a deep depression in a steep cliff on that side from which it emerges, turning back almost at right angles into the American side. This depression presents the appearance of having been hollowed out by a great eddy of the river and is known as the Whirlpool. Within the last few years an inclined electric railway has been built that brings one down to the water's edge, where a very comprehensive view of the rapids and the whirlpool is to be seen. Finally the river at this point works away through a gap at right angles to its former course and tearing down a lower gorge in a new series of rapids, emerges from its rocky prison at Queenston and Lewiston and thence flows peacefully through the seven miles separating it from Lake Ontario. The old *Maid of the Mist*, escaping seizure by the sheriff at the Falls, ran the rapids and whirlpools

NIAGARA FALLS—AMERICAN FALLS VIEWED FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

NIAGARA FALLS—THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

in 1861, and is the only vessel that ever made the passage. Captain Webb, the swimmer, lost his life in the Whirlpool Rapids in 1883.

The Devil's Hole is one of the many attractions of the Falls. It is a weird and mighty cavern, famed in the legends of the Red men as the abiding place of the Evil Spirits, which gave it the name. History tells us that the French explorer La Salle was the first white man to see this cavern in 1678. Not quite a century later, on September 14, 1763, this same cavern was the scene of a blood-curdling massacre soon after the bloody French and Indian war. At the top of the bank an English provision train, guarded by a company of regulars, was ambuscaded by a horde of Seneca Indians. They swooped down on the unsuspecting Englishmen, and out of about ninety men all but three were either butchered or else thrown over the awful brink. Horses, waggons and all ran pell mell over the cliff. One drummer boy named Matthews escaped death by falling into a tree and being caught in the branches by the strap on his drum. One of the others to escape was the officer in charge of the train, named Steadman, who broke through the ambuscade, mounted on a fleet horse. The cavern contains many interesting features, the great Council Rock, the mysterious cave and the bed of the Bloody Run Creek, so named from its running red with the blood of the awful massacre in 1763.

All through the Falls are many beautiful sights —many strange caverns that may be visited and practically no end to the opportunities of sight-seeing, which are greatly helped by the electric road that runs now both on Canadian and American sides.

If I were disposed to take my readers into a geological study there would be found a great deal to interest them in the forming of the rocks about Niagara Falls. It has to be remembered that it is hardly reaching back a century since observations other than that of passing travellers have been made, and authentic data of the changes have been taken of this wonderful section of the world. Conditions are certainly different now to what they were one hundred years ago—yes, fifty, and even twenty-five, for it cannot be possible that so great a volume of water should year after year go on rushing along without affecting everything that it comes in contact with or is near by.

In 1818 great fragments of rock descended on the American Fall; in 1828 at the Horseshoe Falls and since 1885 several others, which have materially changed the aspect of the Falls. It is quite within the knowledge of those who have visited the Falls within ten or fifteen years to notice the changes that are taking place.

We are told that in 1750 the Falls were visited by Kalm, a Swedish naturalist, whose observations were afterwards published in an English magazine.

He alludes to the rock having fallen down a few years previous and noting the spot in his sketch. All this seems to indicate that these changes will carry the Falls further up towards Lake Ontario.

It is not possible in this very material and utilitarian age to let anything by that can be turned into the progress of commerce. Who would have supposed not many years ago, looking at the mighty torrent, that it could possibly be chained. And yet the ambition of an Edison has, in these closing days of the nineteenth century, been fully realized. The Niagara Falls is to-day chained and there is an electric power that is being utilized in the neighboring cities, and to what length it may be extended is difficult to say. In Toronto we will certainly be able to see the wheels go round as a result of the electric power from the Niagara Falls. The water power has been used for many decades to run various flour mills and other manufacturing places in the immediate vicinity, but to-day it is being used to generate that greatest of all powers, electricity, and it will be possible to utilize it in our biggest cities.

A white tent pitched by a glassy ake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odour of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail;
With always a fish for a noonday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

JAMES D. EDGAR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DELIGHTS OF MUSKOKA.

IT may be fashionable for Canadians to go abroad for pleasure. This much is just as sure that they are not likely to find away from home more beautiful points for pleasuring than are practically at their own door.

Canada is peculiarly favored as a summer resort, no matter what province one may select. There is no place more beautiful than the land of Evangeline, if the Maritime Provinces are to be chosen. When we go to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories and out to the Pacific Coast, the many attractions that come with a new country are found —and nature has dealt bountifully with us in this respect.

The old province of Quebec, with its water-ways and its scenery, provides delights for the heart of the most travelled man.

I speak specially now of the province of Ontario,

which, from year to year, attracts thousands of pleasure-seekers from our neighbors across the border. There are many points that may be sketched as suited for pleasuring. With good reason it is contended that there is no better summer resort, just as it is one of the leading commercial centres of the continent, than Toronto itself. It is so situated and provides so wide an outlet for trips by land and water that it is becoming more and more each year a favorite point for thousands of visitors.

It is the northern section of Ontario, however, that has proven most successful in inviting the pleasure-seeker and the sight-seer.

The devotee of the gun, or the disciple of Izaak Walton, finds in the northern sections of Ontario a boundless field for his favorite sport.

Just in a word, if I wanted to name some point to a friend, I would say there is Orillia and Lake Couchiching that is only a short run from Toronto. The fishing is great. To the angler the best of sport exists here—bass, pickerel, trout, easily made the catch of a day. Orillia has mapped itself out for a summer resort, and is proud of her aquatic, rowing, cycling, baseball, football, and other forms of amusement. Golf is not forgotten, and my readers know how interested I am in the golf links of any country.

Proceeding further northward, one finds in Midland and in Penetanguishene a place to spend a delightful holiday.

Penetang, as it is sometimes called for brief, is one hundred miles from Toronto, a four hours' trip. It is a town with a population of over 2,000. As a camping resort this town is unsurpassed, and each year hundreds of visitors are attracted by the beautiful scenery and camping grounds in the district. The headland of the Penetang harbour is the beginning of the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay. The islands are largely of granite formation; some quite bare, many covered thickly with a dense growth of pine and other wood. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful archipelago anywhere to be found; the variety of size, formation and grouping of the islands forming a bewildering maze of scenic effect, which is a revelation to the stranger. The mainland and the adjacent islands in the neighborhood are the haunts of the deer, bear and wild fowl of all kinds, and the waters team with black bass, maskinonge and pickerel. Wild fruits and flowers and stately ferns are found in profusion.

There are several points of special interest; Giant's Tomb Island is a beautifully wooded island, oblong and dome shaped; a peculiar feature of which, considering its oblong formation, is that it presents the same dome-like appearance from every point of view. Christian Islands consist of a group of three, named Christian, Beckwith and Hope, also called the "Three Sisters—or Faith, Hope and Charity." These are covered with a dense forest

growth to the water's edge. Christian Island is sixteen miles in circumference, and is the home of a band of Indians of the Ojibway tribe. They have schools and churches, and are quite civilized. On this island are several small lakes, fed by underground springs, and well stocked with fish.

When we strike Penetanguishene our thoughts are of the Parry Sound district, and here one of the most romantic water trips is made by the beautiful new steamer, *City of Toronto*. Leaving Penetanguishene, and taking the sheltered inside channel, it threads its way among 10,000 islands of every conceivable shape and color.

But the heading I have given to my chapter is suggestive specially of the delights of Muskoka, a place frequently referred to as the Highlands of Ontario. The Muskoka Lakes, although appearing only as a mere speck on the map of the North American Continent, become a perfect revelation to the beholder on a first visit, unfolding as they do a coast line studded with beautiful islands for a distance of hundreds of miles.

The geographical position of the lakes is immediately along the line of the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, and between the seventy-ninth and eightieth degrees of west longitude, at an altitude of 740 feet above the sea level, 503 feet above the level of Lake Ontario, and 169 feet above the level of the Georgian Bay, and at a distance of a little over 100 miles due north from Toronto. I might

easily whet the appetite of the traveller by entering into, ever so briefly, a description of these beautiful Muskoka Lakes.

The region that comes under this name is generally understood as composing three lakes—Muskoka, the first and largest, 21 miles in length; Lake Rosseau, next in order, is 12 miles long; Lake Joseph, the most distant, is 18 miles long. The extreme distance from the starting point to the end of Lake Joseph is 45 miles, six miles of the trip being through the lower end of Lake Rosseau. From the starting point to the end of Lake Rosseau is 33 miles. The width of these lakes varies from channels a few hundred yards across, to open stretches 6 miles wide. In the Muskoka region there are about 800 lakes and 400 islands. The elevation above the sea is in the neighborhood of 1,000 feet.

When in this section let me take my readers on a beautiful July day into the Huntsville Lakes, often referred to as the home of the speckled trout. This enchanting region is 145 miles north from Toronto, and connects two of the prettiest lakes, viz., Vernon and Fairy. It is one of the highest regions in Ontario. The steamboat trip from Huntsville to Bayville or Dorset, is most enjoyable. Passing down the Big East River at the end of the town, we first enter Fairy Lake, a pretty sheet of water, on the shores of which are some good farms; then threading our way along a narrow

channel, one mile in length, we emerge into Peninsula Lake, passing in full view the picturesque summer resort, Deerhurst, and shortly arrive at the Portage. It is eight miles from Huntsville at this point. Passengers embark here, and passing the Peninsula Lake Hotel, take stage, or walk along the one mile road which leads to Lake of Bays; taking a boat again here, another eight miles' sail brings us to Bayville. Dorset, on Trading Lake, eighteen miles from Huntsville, and Dwight, on Lake of Bays, headquarters of the Dwight-Wiman Hunting Club, thirteen miles from Dorset, are good fishing points and calling place of the steamboat line.

Canada's greatness is not dependent altogether on her rich material resources. As a Canadian, I have been proud of the remarkable development in this direction, especially in recent years; but in other ways this is a country to demand the wide attention of the world, and, not least of all, in the suggestions of this chapter touching the real beauties of our land—nature having been prodigal in her shaping of this Canada of Ours—and specially the favored northern part of the Province of Ontario.

SONG OF THE AXE.

High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
And all was silent in the wilderness;
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
Rebuilding her spent fires and veil'd her face
While the Great Worker brood'd o'er His work.

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?"

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of kings."

"For ev'ry silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow."

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me."

"When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head."

"His crown the very heav'ns shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might."

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy."

Max smote the snow-weigh'd tree, and lightly laugh'd,
"See, friend," he cried to one that looks and smil'd,
"My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—
We build up nations—this axe and I."

ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PACIFIC COAST CITIES.

THERE are two points of paramount interest on the Pacific Coast. The first to be reached, from the land side, and in some respects, the first also in point of real interest, is Vancouver City. The way to it has been described so often, and with such fulness, that one has almost tired of the repetition. And yet one could never grow weary of the journey through the Selkirks. At Donald the Rockies lie behind, but it is scarce more than breathing space till the magnificent mountain scenery of the Selkirk Range suddenly breaks upon us. The view from the Glacier House is something to remember, even if the traveller does not leave the comfort of the hotel. Farther on, down the western slope of the range, around the famous loop, up the ascent from Revelstoke, and down the other side till the great gorges of the Fraser River are reached, the scenery is an ever

changing kaleidoscope of mountain and lake and river.

Thirteen years ago the site of Vancouver was wilderness. Twelve years ago it was an ash-heap. To-day a city of 30,000 inhabitants rests there. Its streets are well paved, and electric cars sweep swiftly back and forth over them. At night the streets are brilliantly lighted, and day and night they are thronged with busy people. As one looks about him it is no mushroom city that he sees, but substantial brick and stone buildings, banks, government offices, commercial warehouses, handsome residences, all the outfit of a permanent city. Evidently Vancouver is here to stay.

And the site has been admirably chosen. A good harbor lies to the north. Behind it, forming a splendid background, are the great mountains. To the west and south are the blue waters of the Georgia Gulf, while on the east it seems at first sight as if the virgin forest comes to the margin of the city limits. Only when one reaches the eastern outskirts is it seen that drives and winding footpaths pierce the forest in all directions, and that it is one of the most interesting of parks to be found in the city. Here one may see the prodigality of nature, for, except for the paths and drives, a great part of the place is left in its natural wildness. And it is beautiful.

Through one portion of the park the great water-main, through which the supply for the city

is brought from the mountain valley seven miles distant, crosses on its way into the heart of the city. The water supply is inexhaustible, and beautifully clear and cold. Provision has been made for the contingency of the breaking of the main at any point by the building of a reservoir on Prospect Hill, from which a plentiful supply may be drawn for a limited time.

The sanitary conditions of the city are said to be second to none on the continent. Of this the passing traveller cannot be a competent judge, but certainly to all outward appearance this city seems to have profited admirably by the blunders of those of earlier growth, and so to have avoided their costly errors in the disposal of sewage and kindred matters.

But what has made this city, and fostered it into such rapid, and yet solid growth? For, while some traces of the make-shift policy of the pioneer remain, for the most part the public buildings, are capacious and solidly built. The office buildings, the Banks, the Company buildings, the railway and steamship company offices, the churches and schools, and the private residences are all of a character to be found only where there is reasonable prospect of permanent residence. What has created such a city in thirteen years, and inspired such confidence in its stability? It was selected by the Canadian Pacific Railway as its terminal city on the Pacific Slope. It is pecu-

liarly the child of the C.P.R., and carefully and well has the company nursed it. For it is not only the line of railway that ends here, but steamship lines whose other terminus is Yokohama, or Melbourne, with Honolulu by the way, or some port in Alaska, or down the coast of the United States. The ocean traffic from all parts of the Pacific, that once came no farther than Victoria, now passes in through the Strait, and unloads at Vancouver. And the scene at the harbor is a busy one. It is interesting to talk to a man whose last chat on shore was with a mate in some Australian port, or in a Japanese harbor, or at Hong Kong. The cargoes that are being transshipped for carriage across the continent are not what we are accustomed to see daily, and one can learn considerable natural history during a forenoon spent on the dock in Vancouver harbor.

But the second point of interest lies on the island of Vancouver, to the west. One of the lines of steamers seen at the Vancouver docks is that which runs regularly to Victoria, the Queen City of the West, as she is still deservedly called. It is a six-hour sail from Vancouver City to Victoria. The commercial atmosphere of the two cities is as different as if they were 1,000 miles apart, and yet the contrast is no greater in that respect than is found between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Vancouver is a business city, where men are eager and alert. Victoria is a residential city, where men

THE SALMON FLEET—ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING SCENES OF THE PACIFIC COAST, CANADA.

have time to smoke and discuss events calmly. In the one, men are striving to get money, in the other, men have money and are doing their best to get enjoyment out of it. Everywhere one sees evidence of wealth and leisure. There are beautiful residences, fine club-houses, provision for sporting, handsome outfits, and an absence of the tension that even the passing traveller feels in the younger city.

So one does not speak of the business of Victoria, but one tries to discover the truth in the Victoria man's boast, that his city is the most beautiful residential spot in all Canada. Perhaps it is. One could wish that Chinatown were not so large an element in the population of the city, and that the Celestial were more amenable to European habits of life. One sees the real live joss-house here, and might fancy himself in Tien-tsin or any other Chinese city. But, while one is urged to visit the joss-house and the Chinese theatre, as the Londoner will urge you to visit the Tower, one visit is usually sufficient, especially to the latter establishment. The Chinese are rather conservative in the matter of theatres.

Two points one should visit, however. The first in importance is the new Government Buildings. They overlook the harbor, and back of them rise the mountains. Spacious grounds surround them, setting off the stately stone pile to advantage. Handsome residences are on either side, and James'

Bay in front, completes the picture. The gray stone of which it has been built, the slate covering in its roof, the granite steps leading up to the entrance, the panelling of the great Hall, and the Committee rooms about it, have all been obtained in the Province of which these are the legislative buildings. The Legislative Chamber is a beautiful room. It is panelled with Italian marble, and the great columns are of green Cippolino. The entrance hall with its fine dome, and handsome marble columns, gives the casual visitor a good impression as he enters the building.

The second point of interest is Esquimalt Harbor, both because it is the headquarters of the Pacific British squadron, and because of the handsome residences that abound here. These latter stretch about six miles along the shore, and among them are some that compare most favorably with any other residence in Canada. The grounds are beautifully kept, and the temperate climate enables flowers to be cultivated in the open air for ten months in the year. The fine golf links, tennis courts, recreation grounds, and all the other marks of leisurely enjoyment that abound speak of a people to whom the means of subsistence is not a daily care.

Here, as in the most easterly seaport, the military element prevails, though not to the extent that is seen in the latter place. The air of Victoria seems favorable to the dilettante spirit. There is little

real effort after solid improvement, the search is for that which will amuse. Such is the impression made upon the passing traveller. There is a good school system. There are, too, public libraries and societies for intellectual improvement and mental development, but somehow the Victoria citizen does not seem to take these seriously. Probably the impression of the easy-goingness is deepened by a few days' residence in the sister city where life is so strenuous. Certainly the conditions that hold in the two cities have little in common. On the whole we prefer the Terminal City.

MANITOBA.

Softly the shadows of the prairie-land wheat
Ripple and riot adown to her feet ;
Murmurs all Nature with joyous acclaim,
Fragrance of summer and shimmer of fame :
Heedless she hears while the centuries slip :—
Chalice of poppy is laid on her lip.

Hark, from the East comes a ravishing note,—
Sweeter was never in nightingale's throat,—
Silence of centuries thrills to the song,
Singing their silence awaited so long ;
Low, yet it swells to the heaven's blue dome,
Child-lips have called the wild meadow-land "Home."

Deep, as she listens, a dewy surprise
Dawns in the langour that darkens her eyes ;
Swift the red blood through her veins in its flow,
Kindles to rapture her bosom aglow ;
Voices are calling, where silence had been,—
"Look to my future, thou Mother of men."

Onward and onward, Her fertile expanse
Shakes as the tide of her children advance ;
Onward and onward, Her blossoming floor
Yields her an opium potion no more ;
Onward and soon on her welcoming soil
Cities shall palpitate, myriads toil.

EMILY MCMANUS.

Here's the road to independence.
Who would bow and dance attendance ?
Who, with e'er a spark of pride,
While the bush is wild and wide,
Would be but a hanger-on,
Begging favors from the throne,
While beneath yon smiling sun
Farms, by labor, can be won ?
Up, be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive.
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MANITOBA METROPOLIS.

"WINNIPEG is the neck of a double funnel whose mouths gather the traffic of an empire and three oceans, the Atlantic, Pacific and the Great Lakes." So one has written, who looked into the future, and spoke of the city that was yet to be. To a considerable extent his prophecy is being realized. The city lies on the eastern verge of the prairie plain that stretches, unbroken, for upwards of 900 miles, clear to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. To the east of the city lies the wilderness of rock and lake and forest, that extends almost as many miles towards the rising sun. Ere it reaches the borders of the Province of Manitoba, and just east of that border, are the mines of Rat Portage and the Lake of the Woods. Here, too, are the great lumbering and milling establishments that supply the need of both east and west.

North of the city are valuable mineral products, and fisheries which have only begun to yield their wealth, though 2,000,000 pounds are annually shipped through Winnipeg. Northwest are salt deposits, that have been allowed to rest for a time, but are being once more made to supply the needs of the Northwest. To the south and the west are the rich farming lands, whose yield this year has been sufficient for the supply of a continent, and whose fertility is practically inexhaustible. Winnipeg is the centre of it all, the natural mart for miner, fisherman, lumberman and farmer.

The "boom" of the early eighties hurt the city. In 1880 there was no railway connection with the outside world. When this was secured speculators and exploiters entered, and in two years the population had risen from 6,000 to 20,000. In the land speculation that followed, some won, many lost, and the scars of the battle are found still all through Manitoba and the west. It has passed, and the citizens have settled down to steady, substantial progress. They are eager to press forward, but are sturdily following legitimate lines, and receiving a reward in comparatively rapid prosperity.

Nor is this prosperity confined to the city. Beyond its limits, and through the Province men are growing rich. Farms that were in the hands of companies are returning into the possession of individuals. The farmer is no longer afraid that

the price of the load of grain he takes to the elevator will be garnisheed to pay for implements, or to meet the interest on the mortgage on his land. He has seen hard times, he has paid dearly for experience, but he is shaking himself free from the coils of debt, and beginning to taste some of the comforts of life again. Good homes are rising all over the country, substantial farm buildings are being erected, and the former evidences of pioneer life are fast disappearing.

The wheat fields are still the hope of Manitoba. But Manitoba can do more than raise wheat. Large dairying farms are found here and there and the number of creameries and cheese-factories is steadily increasing. There is gold in the east, and coal in the southwest; fish in the lakes to the north and salt along the margin of some of these lakes; there are brick-clays and good stone-quarries near Winnipeg, and the products of the Province are sufficiently varied to ensure its prosperity, even should the great staple occasionally fail. The climate is trying, but the air is so dry that a temperature that would be unbearable in eastern provinces is bracing there. Men talk easily of 30 degrees below zero, to the dismay of the tenderfoot easterner, to whom that means a tie-up of business.

The city of Winnipeg has as uninteresting a natural site as it is possible to find. Some variety is given by the junction of the two rivers, the Red and Assiniboine, but apart from this there is

nothing to break the dreary monotony of the plain. To the west, far as eye can reach, the same absolute flatness prevails, and when the clouds trail low in the autumn, or the fine snow is driven before the cutting wind, it would be hard to find a more dreary scene. On the other hand, there is not a more beautiful sight on earth than the billowy fields of yellow grain stretching south, west and north from the line of railway that runs from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie or Brandon. As the eye roams over them one feels that after all it is worth the sometime discomfort.

An old trail ran from where Winnipeg now stands, westward, mile upon mile, till the Rockies were reached. If one stands on Portage Avenue and looks to the west, the eye follows the line of the old trail. Over it the Indians passed first, the Assiniboines, then the Crees; afterwards the traders, and following them the settlers who have made Manitoba what it is. There are few traces of them now. Occasionally an ox-cart will come lumbering and screeching into the city, but at very rare intervals. The old life has passed, and the times have changed.

Winnipeg has some of the widest streets in America. Main Street and Portage Avenue are more than 139 feet broader than Broadway, New York, as the Winnipegger is fond of telling you. There are 102 miles of well-graded streets in the city, and about 12 miles of these have been paved.

C.P.R. STEAMER IN LOCK—SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

The soil is of such a character that it packs hard and comparatively little dust raises. After a brisk shower it is just as well to remain in-doors for a time, as the surface is as slippery as if oil had been poured over it; it soon dries however. The drainage of the city, in spite of the prevalent flatness, is excellent. The water supply is unique. Part of it is drawn from the Assiniboine River, but a part, and an increasing portion, is obtained from artesian wells. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply under the city, and the quality is all that could be desired. The city is well lighted with electric lamps, and a good electric street railway traverses it in every direction.

The railway facilities are exceptionally good. The Canadian Pacific runs east and west from this point, for the description of the double funnel is not a mere figure of speech, but one may call this an eastern and western terminus. The Emerson branch, running south to the boundary line, taps the great northern American system, connecting Winnipeg with American cities. The Pembina branch, also running to the boundary, gives access to the rich southwestern country. The Glenboro' branch reaches the Souris coal fields; the Selkirk branch almost touches Lake Winnipeg; the Stonewall branch traverses the northwest district, while the Northern Pacific and Manitoba runs south to the boundary, and west and northwest, away beyond Manitoba proper. Still other lines are being pro-

posed, one especially, to connect with the Rainy River section, and so through the boundary section till it finds outlet at some point on the Upper Lakes.

Winnipeg is the natural distributing centre for the great Northwest country. It is headquarters for the wholesale houses in every department. The daily shipments are enormous, and must increase as settlement progresses. The railway companies recognize the value of this trade, and give every facility for the handling of goods. Though the city is far below Montreal or Toronto in actual population, the trade of Winnipeg ranks next to these cities in annual volume.

Winnipeg is also the educational centre of the West, as the whole region lying between that city and the Rocky Mountains is familiarly called. It has no less than five colleges, all more or less closely connected with Manitoba University, which has recently come more distinctly into prominence. Of these the Theological Colleges of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Roman Catholics are the most important, that of the Presbyterians being in an especially progressive condition. Recent legislation in connection with the University will place that institution on a much better footing than it has formerly held. The public school system is good. Some years ago there was considerable disturbance over the demand for denominational schools, but the agitation has quieted down, and

there seems a disposition to fall in with the desire of the majority for an undenominational and largely secular school system.

The citizens have become famous for their hospitality, and the freedom of their social life. Social clubs of all grades are abundant, and the desire in each seems to be to gather information, and to secure mental development rather than to obtain amusement. It is a city of young men, or men in the prime of life, and athletic associations flourish. In spite of the limited facility for boating, Winnipeg has furnished the winning crew for the four-oared contest for two years. Their Hockey club has held the championship of the world, and that seems more fitting. The Historical and Scientific Society has done admirable work, and is one of the livest institutions, though dealing so largely with a dead past.

It is a strong young life that pulsates here. Men think quickly, and clearly. Action is prompt and decisive. The political atmosphere is somewhat hazy, but on the whole men are disposed to assign partyism to a second place. With one or two exceptions, the press is outspoken and independent For many years one of the best independent papers in the Dominion was published here, and though it has bowed to the control of a party, it is still a worthy journal. The religious life of the city is higher in tone than in almost any other western city, and the church buildings are

some of the most creditable among the buildings of the city. Of the men of affairs one does not care to speak freely lest comment, either in praise or blame, might be misunderstood. There are men here whose influence is wider than their Province, and who take their part in shaping the policy of the Dominion.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done,
  Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
  And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
  "Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame,"
And stretch fain hands to stars, thy fame is high,
  Here in Canadian hearth, and home and name;—
    This name which yet shall grow
    Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

And you who stroll in leisured ease
  Along your city squares,
Thank those who there has fought the trees,
  And howling wolves and bears.
They met the proud woods in the face,
  Those gloomy shades and stern:
Withstood and conquered and your race
  Supplants the pine and fern.

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CITY OF TORONTO.

THE City of Toronto is yearly becoming more popular as a resort for the travelling public. It is well situated, though there is nothing striking about the site. The original city was clustered about the mouth of the Don River and on the margin of the Bay. A sandbar, which has been transformed into a pretty island, with the beginnings of a handsome park, stretches from the first cluster of houses south, then west, then north again, forming a crescent about the city. But the city now stretches far beyond the horns of the crescent, on either hand; indeed, one of the prettiest suburbs of the city lies to the west of the western point of the "Island," as the Toronto people have dubbed the erstwhile sandbar.

During the summer season the facilities for travel are unexcelled by those of any other city. The favorite summer route by which to enter is by way

of the Niagara Line of steamers, which ply back and forth between Toronto and the old town at Niagara, or the Heights of Queenston, some miles up the Niagara River. The city looks uninviting enough to the traveller whose first view is from the deck of the Niagara River boat. Much has been done in recent years to make the water-front presentable, but more remains to be done, and the civic fathers of Toronto appear to move slowly. If one is fortunate enough to enter the Bay on a clear day, when the heavy smoke has lifted, he sees a city built upon a gradual slope, that ends about two miles from the Lake shore in a terrace. This first terrace, for if one goes farther back into the country, he will find a succession of them, rises about fifty feet, somewhat abruptly, and runs, with a fair amount of regularity, east and west from the central street, from side to side of the city. The gradual slope furnishes admirable draining facilities, but the sewers are allowed to empty directly into the Bay, and in consequence, this is fast becoming a huge cesspool, menacing the health of a city which nevertheless is one of the healthiest in America.

The business section of the city is crowded into a comparatively small compass. The crossing of Yonge and King Streets was for many years the centre of the business portion, the wholesale houses being situated to the south of King Street, and the retail houses upon and to the north of

THE BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA LOGGING CAMP.

that narrow but very busy thoroughfare. Within recent years a change is being noted, and the retail section is moving farther north and west. This is in part due, perhaps, to the two huge retail departmental stores that have established themselves on opposite sides of Queen Street, and on the western side of Yonge Street, and in which a considerable section of the trade throughout Ontario is done. The remarkable success of these establishments has seriously affected the wholesale business in the city, and has very seriously crippled the smaller retail trade in the city and surrounding country.

A feature of the down-town section of the city is the well-equipped offices provided by such buildings as the Temple Building, the Confederation Life Building, the Freehold Loan Building, and many others. The Safety Vaults in connection with the first-named of these buildings are second to none in America. The most conspicuous building of the down-town portion is the new City Hall, still unfinished, costing more than $2,000,000 already, and with unfinished portions quite capable of swallowing up $1,000,000 more. But the Toronto man points it out with pride, and he has good reason. It covers an entire square, and, in spite of the squalor of the surrounding houses presents an imposing appearance. The workmen will be busy with the interior for some years still, but even in its half-finished state, one sees evidence of

the splendid appearance it will present in the new century.

Two great railway systems enter the city from east, west and north, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. These, with the lake traffic, furnish a trade that is second only to that of Montreal, and indeed, in some departments, it exceeds that of the older city.

Toronto has one of the best electric railway systems in America. The city is widely scattered, but every part of it is traversed by the street railway system, and an excellent service is given. In addition to the lines that have been laid down within the city limits, radial lines extend out into the country, connecting the outlying villages and towns with the city proper, and stretching for many miles into the country. Some of these are under the control of the company owning the city franchise, and the service is all that could be desired.

Toronto is a great educational centre. The Provincial University is beautifully situated in the centre of the city, within the limits of a park-like reservation that is carefully kept. The main building is a massive stone building. Some years ago a destructive fire left little but these walls standing, but so well did they withstand the intense heat that another building has filled in the skeleton then left, and one seems as if looking upon what used to be the former University Build-

ing. The beautifully carved door is one of the finest pieces of work in Canada.

All about the University Building are grouped the buildings of the affiliated Colleges or the special departmental buildings. The School of Practical Science, a huge red-brick structure, ugly, but useful, lies directly to the south. To the west of this building, and completely overshaded by it is the Provincial Observatory. To the east is the Biological Building, and to the west lies the Chemical departmental building. North of the University is the College campus, to the right of which lies the fine new Gymnasium and Students, Union. Abutting on this is one of the affiliated Colleges—the Wycliffe College—for training of the students in Theology of the Evangelical section of the Church of England. Still farther north is McMaster University, a denominational University for the training of Baptist students. To the east, beautifully situated on a rising ground, is the Victoria College, the Methodist Theological Hall for the training of her ministers; and still farther east, on the same terrace, is the fine Catholic College of St. Michael, where the young men of Catholic families receive their University training, in part, and all their theological training. To the west lies Knox College, for the training of Presbyterian ministers, where, year by year, some twenty-five well-equipped men are sent out to man the new fields in the Northwest and British Columbia,

and to replace the men who have fallen by the way in the older-settled sections. There are also two Medical Schools, a Dental College, a Conservatory and a College of Music, three Collegiate Institutes, two private Colleges, numerous private Schools, and an excellent Public School system.

To the west is situated Trinity University, a denominational institution, under the control of the Anglican Church, with faculties of Arts, of Medicine and of Theology. Here are trained the students of the Anglican Church of the High Church Party. One of the Medical Schools and one of the Musical Institutions in the city are in affiliation with Trinity University.

The Park system of Toronto is excellent. In the centre of the city is the Queen's Park, sadly curtailed, but still a good breathing place.

Almost in the centre of it stands the fine new Parliament Buildings, a credit both to the city and to the Province whose Legislature annually convenes here. Other small parks and squares are scattered through the city, one of the prettiest being the Riverside Park, overlooking the Don valley, a park made almost entirely with prison labor. The finest park of the city is in the extreme west, High Park, the gift of an eccentric but generous Englishman, who owned the two hundred acres of unbroken land that is rapidly being changed into beautiful park land, with winding drives and shaded walks and every facility for the

enjoyment of the citizens, to whom access has been made easy by the splendid electric car system touching it at two points on the eastern side. To the east, but just beyond the city limits, lie two parks that are struggling to attract the people, but that have been catering to a somewhat depraved taste, and while they have attracted a certain class have repelled the more influential and cultured of the people. Another park has been already mentioned, what is popularly known as the Island Park, perhaps the most popular of all during the heated months of July and August.

Toronto has been called the city of Conventions, and of Churches. Of the latter there are upwards of 100 Protestant Churches of all denominations. In the earlier history of the city the most important churches were built near the heart of the city. For some time there has been a steady migration from the centre outwards, chiefly north and west. Already it is difficult to maintain some of the large churches that were built down town. The St. James Church, Anglican; the Metropolitan Church, Methodist; The Knox Church, Presbyterian, had, at one time, the most influential congregations in their respective denominations. That is changed, and in some of them, especially at the Sunday evening service, there is not a single representative of the class that once made up the bulk of the congregation. But substantial church buildings have risen elsewhere, and the city still

deserves its reputation of being a church-going centre.

There are usually half a dozen religious Conventions held in the city during the summer, ranging from the staid Presbyterian Church Court to the lively Epworth League meeting. The far-famed hospitality of Toronto citizens, the many points of attraction within the city, and the facility with which more famous points beyond it are reached, has made this city one of the most popular in America for these meetings of religious and other bodies in their annual conference.

The civic fathers of every city are men that are much abused, and those of Toronto are no exception. They seem to deserve most of what they get, for some much-needed reforms, though started by former energetic civic officers, have been allowed to stand year after year by those who have succeeded them. The city is growing rapidly, and, were those charged with the administration of its affairs to waken up, she would soon take her place as the first city of the Dominion.

"BOBS."

By Rudyard Kipling.

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs,
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs,
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress on Bobs,
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'E's little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs.
But it keeps us outer Clink—
Don't it, Bobs?
So we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.

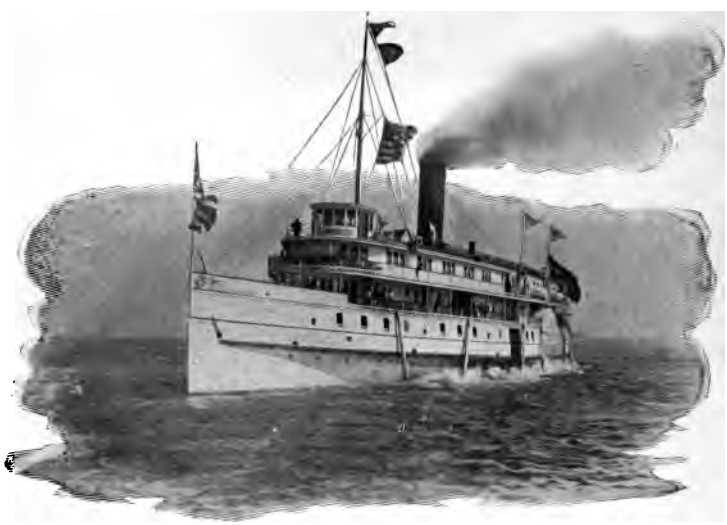
If you stood 'im on 'is head,
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An' amassin' souveneers,
In the way o' slugs and spears—
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
Can't they Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An—'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket—Well'ton an' arder—
Fightin' Bobs Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've helped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs.

MAIN AND LAWN, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.



THE TORONTO : ONE OF THE R. AND O. BOATS RUNNING ON LAKE ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

THE second part of this book, which will consist largely of sketches of men of the time, many of whom I have met personally or become acquainted with through their public acts, could not open with a more fitting subject than that of Lord Roberts.

Since this work has been in the hands of the printer the long anticipated South African troubles have matured and these have brought to the front, in the person of Lord Roberts, one who will undoubtedly take a place in history along with Wellington and Nelson.

Things in South Africa were going the wrong way very fast until Lord Roberts took sail from Southampton for the Cape. He had not long been Commander-in-Chief of affairs in South Africa before his skill and courage and admirable tact began to show itself.

Lord Roberts is generally recognized as an Irish-

man, though he was born in Cawnpore, India, in 1832. His mother was the daughter of Major Bunbury of the 26th Foot, Kilfeacle, County Tipperary, Ireland. His father was a distinguished Indian and Afghan fighter, so that Frederick Roberts breathed a certain military air from his earliest consciousness.

Though he is pigmy as regards size, his appearance and manner have always been typically martial and with the ripe experience of a long life he has become an ideal warrior both martial and military.

At the time that Lord Roberts was called to take charge of the affairs in South Africa he was commanding a British force in Ireland. He had reached the age of 67 years and had reason to hope that his active military life was ended. But it has come to him at the close of his threescore years to add the greatest lustre to what was already a most illustrious career.

There was something sad about Lord Roberts being called to this position, for hardly twenty-four hours before receiving the Government summons news had come to him of the death of his only son on the South African battle-field.

In an interesting sketch of Lord Roberts in the *Review of Reviews*, it is remarked that Lord Roberts is a soldier as much as Brindley was a maker of canals. When Brindley was asked what rivers were made for, he replied, "To feed canals." It is Roberts' business to fight and, like the apostle

of old, "this one thing I do," and his whole career shows how well he has done his work.

After spending a reasonable amount of time in certain English schools he went successively to Eton, to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and to the Training School of the East India Co. at Addiscombe. When twenty years of age he reported at headquarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dumbum, near Calcutta. He was assigned to an active field battery at Peshawar, where he remained until 1857, when he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. Throughout the Mutiny Lord Roberts acted as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General and afterwards was invalided to England.

Many are the stories told indicating Lord Roberts' peculiar fitness for a military career. It was in 1856 that he gave evidence of that geographical instinct which has stood him in such good stead in all his battles by leading his column across the country in the dark.

A soldier without the bump of locality well developed will not succeed in attaining a very high possession in military life. He showed he could ride as well as he could guide, for in one day between seven o'clock in the morning and seven in the evening he rode one hundred miles from Chamkannie to Rawal Pindi.

Lord Roberts has written a most interesting book on India, which is full of pen pictures of those who have been foremost in the troubles on Indian soil.

Lord Roberts was all through the adventurous story of the Lucknow Relief Column. He was present when the troops were surprised before Agra. He visited the scene of massacre in Cawnpore, and then set out to relieve Lucknow and when they reached there Lord Roberts received his first important commission. He was charged with the conducting of a force to the Dilkusha, which is the King's Hunting Box on the outskirts of the city. An illustration of his power of endurance was made clear at this time. The strain upon officers and men in that famous relief of Lucknow was something terrible. Lord Roberts mentions that at one time he was dead beat, having been sixty hours continuously in the saddle excepting when he laid down for a short nap on the night of the 14th, and yet he says he was never better in his life.

Lord Roberts is very modest in the account of his own exploits. Here is the story of how he earned the Victoria Cross. It was at an engagement on the banks of the Kali Nadi at Khudaganji. They had dispersed the enemy and were pursuing the fugitives, when the order was given to wheel to the right and form up on the road:

Before, however, this movement could be carried out we overtook a batch of mutineers, who faced about and fired direct into the squadron at close quarters. I saw Younghusband fall, but I could not go to his assistance, as at that moment one of

his sowars was in dire peril from a Sepoy who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the man and disposed of his opponent he must have been killed. The next moment I descried in the distance two Sepoys making off with a standard which I determined must be captured, so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire and I carried off the standard. He adds: "For these two acts I was awarded the Victoria Cross."

The time came when Lord Roberts took to himself a partner for life and one needs only to read his book on India to be impressed with the fact that he made no mistake in this matter, any more than in most of his military affairs. His choice was Miss Nora Dews, a young lady living near his father's place in Waterford. He makes it very clear in this book that Lady Roberts was not only as important and interesting to him as any of the great statesmen and soldiers with whom he was associated but that her doings and sayings will be quite as interesting to the great public which reads his autobiography. Lady Roberts certainly appears to have rejoiced in subordinating her own comfort and convenience to her husband's military duties.

The popularity of Lord Roberts, or "Bobs," as he is familiarly called, shows itself at all points. He

has the faculty of handling men in such a way as to accomplish his own end and win their best favor.

He is possessed of inexhaustible energy illustrated by an experience in the winter of 1870. During the Umbeyla Campaign all the telegraph clerks had been laid up with fever and he could neither send nor receive messages. He determined not to live in that plight and therefore qualified as a telegraph operator.

Referring again to his book we have there some incidents in the campaign that show the enthusiastic loyalty of this simple, straightforward Englishman, who was able to inspire the hearts of the natives who served him. In the fight at Peiwar Kotal he recalls with feelings of gratitude and admiration the devotion of his orderlies, of whom he had six, two Sikhs, two Gourkhas, and two Pathans. Whenever he went into action they always kept close around him, determined that no shot should reach him if they could prevent it.

His triumphs in South Africa are too recent to call for extended comment here. The same success that characterized him in all his military life have followed him to South Africa. His various sweeps of victory have been the marvel of the world, concluding, as these pages go to press, with the surrender of Johannesburgh and Pretoria—the British flag flying over the Boer Capital and the end of the war well in sight.

"THE CANADIANS WERE THERE!"

Now let Baden-Powell be feted,
Mafeking is liberated!
Little Bobs was not belated—
    He had fixed the date with care
And now in the jubilation
That transport the British nation,
Give us due congratulation—
    "The Canadians were there!"

Thus the morning papers head it,
And old John Bull, when he read it,
Cried, "It's greatly to their credit,
    In the glory they must share!"
And he told with satisfaction
How our gallant battery section
By forced march got into action—
    "The Canadians were there!"

Then her Majesty, who listened,
While her eyes with pleasure glistened
Through the tears therein imprisoned
    (She was sitting in her chair),
In her queenly pride arising,
Answered—"John, it's not surprising,
You might well have been surmising—
    'The Canadians were there!'

For throughout this war I've noted
These Canadians, khaki-coated,
To my crown and cause devoted,
    Are in ev'dence everywhere;
You will find these lads of mettle
Wheresoe'er the muskets rattle,
Reading, after every battle—
    'The Canadians were there!'"

"True!" said John, "they're simply splendid—
Brain and heart and muscle blended—
And I'll wager when it's ended
    And the Marshal's bugles blare
O'er a new-redeemed Pretoria,
Where beneath your sway, Victoria,
Freedom sings her Dei Gloria,
    'The Canadians will be there!'"

J. W. Bengough.

LIEUT COL. W. D. OTTER.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. D. OTTER.

"NO better soldier can be found in Canada," was the eulogy passed on Colonel W. D. Otter by a leading daily journal. This was before the South African war. Since then Colonel Otter has won the praises not alone of those at home—who know him well—but also of those abroad. He has had the high and yet deserved compliment paid him of being mentioned in favorable terms more than once by Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of South African affairs.

The *Canadian Military Gazette* has said of Colonel Otter: "One who has done more, perhaps, than anyone else in Canada to increase the efficiency of military affairs." This has been the belief of his friends in Canada, who have watched his careful judgment and policy in military affairs. That the people of Canada have been justified in this decision has now been proven by the achievements of the Canadian soldiers in the South African

battles. I only need to note in general terms the conspicuous place they have occupied in the South African troubles. They were not simply to the front when Cronje was captured, but they have kept to the front in most of the memorable victories of the campaign. Lord Roberts saying at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, when he watched the Canadian soldiers in the parade, that if ever he entered battle again he would like to have them with him, has taken place, and his expectations have been more than realized.

My readers will agree with me, I am sure, that second in the sketches in this book I should place Colonel W. D. Otter, who left our shores at the outset of the South African troubles as head of the first contingent from Canada. In Toronto, which is my home, we all know Colonel Otter. He has been a conspicuous figure in military affairs and in other walks as a military citizen.

Colonel William Dillon Otter is the eldest son of the late Alfred William Otter, who came to Canada in 1841. His mother is the daughter of the Rev. James De la Hooke, of Bedford, England. His is a distinguished family in many respects, being a descendant from Wm. Otter, of Welham, County Nottingham, who died about 1572, and of which family Dr. Wm. Otters, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, was a member.

The birthplace, however, of this brave and capable soldier is Canada, he being born near Clinton, Ont.,

Dec. 3, 1843. He received his education at the Goderich Grammar School, always known as one of the leading High Schools of the province, and supplemented this with a course in Upper Canada College.

In 1861, W. D. Otter's ambition to pursue a military career was gratified, when he joined the military forces, Toronto. In 1864 he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Queen's Own Rifles, and served in that rank on the Niagara frontier during the winter of 1864-65. In August, 1865, he was appointed adjutant of the Queen's Own Rifles, and was present throughout the Fenian Raid in 1866, including the action at Limeridge or Ridgeway.

June, 1869, found W. D. Otter promoted to Major, and in 1874 to Lieut.-Col. He was a member of the Wimbledon Team that did such good service for Canada in England in 1873, and a year later he succeeded to the command of the Queen's Own Rifles.

He saw active local service during the seventies in several different directions. He commanded his regiment during the "Pilgrimage Riots" in Toronto in 1875, and also during the Grand Trunk Riots, Belleville, 1877.

In 1883 he was appointed commandant of the Wimbledon Team, and subsequently was sent to Aldershot to acquire information in connection with the conduct of military schools. He received the appointment of commandant of the School of

Infantry, Toronto, Dec., 1883, and organized "C" company of the Royal Grenadiers of Canadian Infantry, with the school of instruction attached thereto.

It has come to W. D. Otter to be in the front whenever active service has been required of the Canadian soldiers. I am glad to say that in this country we have not had many occasions to enlist the service of the military, but there have been some troubles. I have already spoken of the Fenian Raid, at which Canada lost some of her best sons, and whose memory we are pleased to celebrate from year to year to this day.

In 1885 it will be remembered that a Rebellion broke out in the Northwest Territory, and it became necessary that our soldiers should be despatched to that new province. In this rebellion W. D. Otter commanded the centre or Battleford column, making therewith a forced march across the prairie from Saskatchewan Landing to Battleford, a distance of 190 miles, in five days and a half. Subsequently he was in command of the successful reconnaissance against the Indian Chief "Poundmaker," and in the action at Cut Knife Creek, which prevented the Chief's junction with Big Bear and their projected assistance to Riel. Towards the close of the rebellion he commanded the Turtle Lake Column sent in pursuit of Big Bear.

As I have indicated elsewhere in this sketch, Toronto people have ever been proud of Colonel W. D.

Otter's military record, and have not been slow to show their appreciation. In 1886 he was presented with a purse of $700 by the citizens of Toronto, accompanied by an address expressive of the public appreciation of his military service. In the same year he was appointed District Officer, commanding District No. 2, having the charge also of the Royal School of Infantry, Toronto.

In 1895 he, with certain other officers, was attached for seven months to the regular army in England, and underwent a course of instruction in the three arms of the service. W. D. Otter on this occasion passed examinations as a Lieut.-Col. in the British Army. He took part in the autumn manœuvres at the New Forest, and attended likewise the autumn manœuvres of the German army in the vicinity of Cologne and Strasburg.

In his younger days he filled the office of President of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada, and he has generally taken the greatest interest in all athletic sports. He is now V. P. of the Country and Hunt Club. He is the author of The "Guide," a manual of military exterior economy (1881), and took a leading part in 1890 in founding the Canadian Military Institute, Toronto. In religion he is a member of the Church of England. He is also a Freemason. He married, October, 1865, Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. James Porter, Toronto.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

JAMES BEATTIE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SALISBURY.

AT the time I visited the House of Commons and the House of Lords there were many men of world-wide prominence occupying seats there, as is always the case in that greatest of all legislative halls. I can not say that I was most interested in studying the character of Lord Salisbury. There were others at that time who were more prominent in the public eye. But to-day it has to be said that there is no public man on whom the eyes of all nations have rested with greater interest in this year 1900 than Lord Salisbury. It has come to him to be Prime Minister at a time when one of the most important wars in which England has engaged has taken place.

A critic of twenty-five years ago used these words: "There are statesmen who persistently resist change, and of these Lord Salisbury is, in England, the most conspicuous living instance."

He has remained throughout his life a Conservative, and yet it was somewhat of a radical move when, in 1895, he formed the third Salisbury Cabinet in succession to the Rosebery Cabinet and took in as Minister of one of the most important portfolios, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Just as Gladstone started into public life a Conservative and ended as an ultra-Radical, so one may not be surprised that change, if in a moderate degree only, has shown itself in the long life of Lord Salisbury.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury, is the son of the second Marquis; his mother being the daughter of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq. He is to-day in his 70th year, by no means an old age as age is counted in the motherland. In fact, by many he is looked upon as being perhaps at his strongest. He has ever been a commanding personality in England and specially since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. He was elected by the House of Commons as member for Stamford when his predecessor, Lord Rosebery, was six years old, and so he enjoyed the advantage, which Lord Rosebery lacked, of long apprenticeship in the House of Commons. From 1853 to 1868, first as Lord Robert Cecil and then as Viscount Cranborne, he represented Stamford in the Conservative interest.

It is just about thirty-five years ago since Lord Salisbury became a Cabinet Minister, when he was appointed the Secretary of State for India in Lord

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

Derby's third administration. In 1879 he entered the Foreign Office and sullied a reputation, says W. T. Stead, until then almost blameless by a participation in the crime of attempting to resuscitate the Ottoman Empire. It may be interesting here to quote W. T. Stead, with whom everybody may not agree, but whose opinions of men are put in such a refreshing way, that they make good reading. Mr. Stead said of this Ottoman matter and Lord Salisbury: "In this he sinned against light, under the promptings of ambition, say his adversaries; under the hypnotic influence of Lord Beaconsfield, was the excuse of his friends. Be that as it may, in that fatal period occurred the blunder of the partition of Bulgaria, the crime of the re-enslavement of Macedonia, and the fiasco of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Under the same sinister influence it was he that was responsible for the Afghan invasion, a crime which cannot be forgotten, and of which probably Lord Salisbury retains as vivid a memory as any one of those who assail him."

After the death of Lord Beaconsfield he was without hesitation recognized as the coming leader of the Conservative Party, and the only one who might be expected so long as he remained in the harness to occupy the position of Premier in a Conservative Government.

Lord Salisbury is, of course, an altogether different person to Lord Beaconsfield. There is nothing of the glamor nor the effort at effect that was char-

acteristic of Lord Beaconsfield throughout his whole public life. There is, on the contrary, a quiet complacency, and yet a mood, as is indicated by the success of Lord Salisbury, that has satisfied English people for a good many years. He is looked upon by some as a little dull but as a perfectly safe man.

I cannot help mentally drawing a contrast, as I watched Lord Salisbury in the House of Commons, between his manner and that of our own Sir John Macdonald, who has often been spoken of as the Double of Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John was full of enthusiasm and had the faculty of imparting that to his followers. Lord Salisbury is quite deficient in this faculty. There is no dash about him in that direction, and he is not disposed to create a great deal of enthusiasm in others. As one has said, there is a great deal of the hermit in his composition, and he is disposed to live to himself, apart; a student, a thinker and a patriot. It is interesting to think of this man as he is to-day, carrying the burden of an Empire on his shoulders, and a war debt that is added to by the millions from month to month, and the same man twenty-five years ago. A careful parliamentary observer of that time thus described the personal appearance and manner of this nobleman:—"We have said nothing as yet of Lord Salisbury's appearance, or of his manner of speaking. About both there is something hardly to be described, but which young ladies would indicate by the much-abused word 'interesting,' and

which we may endeavor to convey to our readers by the word melancholy. It is but seldom that his fine powerful face does not wear a certain look of melancholy, and the tones of his voice are, as a rule, subdued and plaintive."

Himself a parliamentarian, and one of the cleverest writers of the day, I may fittingly quote Justin McCarthy's delineation of Lord Salisbury, written many years ago:

"One young man of brains there was on the Tory side of the House of Commons, who did not like Disraeli, and never professed to like him. This was Lord Robert Cecil, who subsequently became Viscount Cranborne, and now sits in the House of Lords as Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Robert Cecil was by far the ablest scion of noble Toryism in the House of Commons. Younger than Lord Stanley, he had not Lord Stanley's solidity and caution, but he had much more of original ability; he had brilliant ideas, great readiness of debate, and a perfect genius for saying bitter things in the bitterest tone. The younger son of a wealthy peer, he had, in consequence of a dispute with his father, manfully accepted honorable poverty, and was glad, for no short time, to help out his means by the use of his pen.

"He wrote in the *Quarterly Review*, the time-honored organ of Toryism, and after a while certain political articles regularly appearing in that periodical became identified with his name. One great

object of these articles seemed to be to denounce Mr. Disraeli, and warn the Tory Party against him as a traitor, certain in the end to sell and surrender their principles. Lord Robert Cecil was an ultra-Tory—or at least thought himself so—I feel convinced that his intellect and his experience will set him free one day. He was a Tory on principle, and would listen to no compromise. People did not at first see how much ability was in him—very few, indeed, saw how much of genuine manhood and nobleness there was in him. His tall, bent, awkward figure; his prematurely bald crown; his face with an outline and a beard that reminded one of a Jew peddler from the Minories; his ungainly gestures; his unmelodious voice, and the extraordinary and wanton bitterness of his tongue, set the ordinary observer against him. He seemed to delight in being gratuitously offensive. Let me give one illustration. He assailed Mr. Gladstone's financial policy one night, and said it was like the practice of a pettifogging attorney. This was rather coarse and was received with murmurs of disapprobation, but Lord Robert went on unheeding. Next night, however, when the debate was resumed, he rose and said he feared he had used language the previous night which was calculated to give offence, and which he could not justify. There were murmurs of encouraging applause—nothing delights the House of Commons like an unsolicited and manly apology. Yes, he had on the

previous night, in a moment of excitement, compared the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the practice of a pettifogging attorney. That was language which on sober consideration he felt he could not justify and ought not to have used, 'and, therefore,' said Lord Robert, 'I beg leave to offer my sincere apology'—here Mr. Gladstone half rose from his seat with face of eager generosity ready to pardon even before fully asked—'I beg leave to tender my sincere apology to the attorneys.' Half the House roared with laughter, the other half with anger, and Gladstone threw himself back in his seat with an expression of mingled disappointment, pity and scorn on his pallid, noble features.

"There was something so wanton, something so nearly approaching to outrageous buffoonery, in conduct like this, on the part of Lord Robert Cecil, that it was long before impartial observers came to recognize the fine intellect and the manly character that were disguised under such an unprepossessing exterior. When the Tories came into power the great place of Secretary for India was given to Lord Robert, who had then become Viscount Cranborne, and the responsibilities of office wrought as complete a change in him as the wearing of the crown did in Harry the Fifth. No man ever displayed in so short a time greater aptitude for the duties of the office he had undertaken, or the loftier sense of its tremendous moral and political responsi-

bility than did Lord Cranborne during his too brief tenure of the Indian Secretaryship. The cynic had become a statesman, the intellectual gladiator an earnest champion of exalted political principle. The license of tongue in which Lord Cranborne had revelled, while yet a free lance, he absolutely renounced when he became a responsible Minister. He extorted the respect and admiration of Gladstone and Bright, and indeed of every one who took the slightest interest in the condition and the future of India. The manner of his leaving office became him, too, almost as much as his occupation of it. He was sincerely opposed to the sudden lowering of the franchise, and he insisted that his party ought to think nothing of power when compared with principle. He found that Disraeli was determined to surrender anything rather than power, and he withdrew from the uncongenial companionship. He resigned office and dropped into the ranks once more, never hesitating to express his conviction of the utter insincerity of the Conservative Leader. He would have been a sharp and stinging thorn in Disraeli's side only that death intervened and took away, not him, but his father. The death of his elder brother had made Lord Robert Cecil Viscount Cranborne; the death of his father now converted Viscount Cranborne into the Marquis of Salisbury, and condemned him to the languid, inert, lifeless atmosphere of the House of Peers. The sincere pity of all who admired him

followed the brilliant Salisbury in his melancholy descent."

Writing this sketch with the South African war at its fiercest, if I may use so vulgar a term, it is worthy of note that through all this trouble, despite the appearance, at the outset of the war, of disintegration in the Conservative Party, it is clear that the policy of the Government, dictated by the Premier, is very generally endorsed by the people of Great Britain as a whole. Hard common sense, a characteristic of Lord Salisbury, and which in times of stress is better than dash or brilliancy, is carrying this noted Britisher safely through the rocky road of a war administration.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased, he could whistle them back.

GOLDSMITH.

War its thousands slays, peace its ten thousands.

BEILBY PORTEUS.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

A. H. LAYARD.

"War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince;" and, by a prince, he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political Doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

EDMUND BURKE.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE J. CHAMBERLAIN.

TO-DAY the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is the man who dominates, next to the Marquis of Salisbury, the policy of Great Britain in the South African war that at this writing is engaging the attention of peoples in all parts of the world. Not so many years ago, for Mr. Chamberlain is not an old man, he was known as the head of a great screw manufacturing concern in Birmingham, England, and later as mayor of that great city, and one who revolutionized its fortunes.

The whole history of Mr. Chamberlain has been one of surprises, and would seem to show that whatever he put his hand to he did it well—at least successfully. He has the faculty, to use an expression of Sam Jones, of "getting there."

In placing in this order in "My Travels," a sketch of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, I would seem to pass over the heads of men who made a

reputation long before Mr. Chamberlain was much more than out of swaddling clothes, but he is just now emphatically the man of the hour.

A critic in his endeavor to analyze the motives of Mr. Chamberlain, and give a sufficient answer for his various public movements, passes over such motives as ambition and self-sufficiency, and says: "The supreme passion of Mr. Chamberlain's life, the motor that drove him into municipal politics in Birmingham, which compelled him to serve the country as a Radical Cabinet Minister under Mr. Gladstone, and is now compelling him to serve the Empire as Colonial Secretary in a Tory administration, has always been the same. From his boyhood up, Joseph Chamberlain has been consumed with a passionate longing to benefit the lot of the common people. To outward appearance short-sighted people might imagine that in his screw-making business days he was intent upon the interests of the capitalist, and in his late political developments, when he was basking in the smiles of duchesses, and being lionized in the stately palaces of England's "splendid paupers," that he was somewhat more sympathetic with the classes than with the masses. But to draw such conclusions would be to do Mr. Chamberlain wrong. Not John Burns, nor Keir Hardie, nor Louise Mitchel is more constantly preoccupied by the necessity for doing something to make the cottage of the laboring man less a hovel and more of a home. It is true that his de-

votion to the disinherited of the world has not seemed to him to demand the sacrifices which were in vain suggested to the young man of many possessions in the Gospel. But Mr. Chamberlain denied himself this showy form of self-abnegation only in order that he might strengthen himself for the purpose of befriending the friendless poor."

It was quite an athletic feat, politically, that was necessary to place Mr. Chamberlain in so ultra-Conservative a Ministry as that led by the Marquis of Salisbury, but he did no more in this act than did his later leader, Mr. Gladstone, in developing from Tory to Radical.

I have kept by me a clipping of 1895 from the *Westminster Gazette* that is worth adding here as a pen picture from another standpoint of Mr. Chamberlain. That influential Liberal journal then said: "The truth is, that Mr. Chamberlain is the supreme special pleader in politics. There never was anyone to equal him in that respect, and as he grows older he seems to surpass himself. He has supplied a complete set of arguments for almost every point of view in politics—for Home Rule and against Home Rule; for ending the House of Lords and for leaving it in possession; for disestablishing churches and for thwarting those who attempt to disestablish them. He has described Toryism from a Radical point of view, and Radicalism from a Tory point of view. He has taken every prominent statesman in detail—Mr. Glad-

stone, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Goschen and a dozen others—and shown us first their satanic and then their angelic side, or vice versa. The great measures that were ten years ago to inspire the democracy and lead them into their promised land are now, according to the same authority, the turbulent ravings of diseased minds."

A visit of one to the House of Commons is first of all to see some of the great political leaders of Great Britain, and next, if they can be so fortunate, to listen to their speeches, that one may form some idea of the class of oratory that sways public opinion in that greatest of all oratorical centres.

Let me give a brief extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Chamberlain in 1895—a passage that brings into clear relief the contrast between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of 1884 and 1895. The morning papers reported it in these words: "I have no spite against the House of Lords; but as a Dissenter—(loud and prolonged cheering)—as a Dissenter—(renewed cheering)—I have an account to settle with them, and promise you that I will not forget the reckoning. (Loud cheers.) I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smile of a king or to the favor of a king's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the 2,000 ejected ministers who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home, and work and profit, rather than accept the State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them, and for that reason,

if for no other, I share your hopes and your aspirations, and I resent the insults, the injuries, and the injustice from which you have suffered so long at the hands of a privileged assembly. (Cheers.) But the cup is nearly full. (Renewed cheers.) The career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end. (Prolonged cheers.) The House of Lords has alienated Ireland, they have oppressed the Dissenters, and they now oppose the enfranchisement of the people. We have been too long a peer-ridden nation—(loud cheers)—and I hope you will say to them that if they will not bow to the mandate of the people, that they shall lose forever the authority which they have so long abused. (Loud and prolonged cheers)."

What Mr. Chamberlain has said himself of some of the changes in opinions that have been part of his interesting career is perhaps the best character sketch of the Colonial Secretary that can be printed. For this reason let me quote from a speech delivered in his own city, Birmingham, about 1894, in defence of certain changes of opinion. His was a very suitable remark about that time: "It is not I who change, but circumstances." Here are the frank words of this Birmingham speech. "Mr. McKeown has referred to what he calls my early Radicalism. I hope I shall not alarm him if I say it is my late Radicalism also, because I am not conscious of having altered in any degree any of the opinions which I have expressed on social or political questions; at

all events, upon those of permanent importance. I ought to make an exception in order to be strictly accurate. I said something of the sort the other day at a public meeting in Birmingham, whereupon I was reminded by Mr. Osler that I had changed my opinions on the subject of women's franchise. I plead guilty to that accusation; I can only say that I have admitted it before in public, and that I am perfectly ready to admit it whenever I am challenged. But having made that full and frank confession, I do not think there is any other question of public policy upon which I have changed my opinions. I do not put that forward as being to my credit necessarily, because it is quite possible that new lights may come, and men may see reason to change opinions they have formed in their youth; but if ever I do I will frankly admit it and give the reasons which have led to the alteration."

No sketch of Mr. Chamberlain would be complete without a reference to what he accomplished for his own city Birmingham. This work was summarized by a writer in these words: "Birmingham in fact was an overgrown village with the population of a great town. But now, great public edifices not unworthy of the importance of a Midland metropolis have risen on every side. Wide arteries of communication have been opened up. Rookeries and squalid courts have given way to fine streets and open places. The roads are well paved, well kept, well lighted and well cleansed.

The whole sewerage of the town has been remodelled, and the health of the people is cared for by efficient sanitary inspectors. Baths and washhouses are provided at nominal cost to the users. Free libraries and museums of art are open to all the inhabitants; free schools and a school of art, together with facilities for technical instruction, are provided for their education. Recreation is not forgotten, and not less than ten parks and recreation grounds are now maintained by the corporation. New Assize Courts and courts of justice have been built. The police force and fire brigade are kept in the highest state of efficiency, while the great monopolies of gas and water have passed into the hands of the representatives of the whole community, who have also acquired the tramways, and have thus retained full control over the roads of the city." For all this the people of Birmingham, in a large measure, thank Mr. Chamberlain, who, from 1873-76 was Mayor of Birmingham, having served several years previous in the activities of municipal life.

In 1876 he was returned to Parliament from Birmingham, and has remained continuously in political life from that time on. I do not need to enter into details of Mr. Chamberlain's parliamentary career, as this has been before the eyes, and is today before the eyes, of everyone. His will be an interesting sketch for the future historian, for he is the one particular Minister around whom has cen-

tred the South African war, that has been the event of the closing year of the 19th century.

Gladstone was known as a chopper of trees, as a means of retaining his robust health. Mr. Chamberlain takes no form of sport or exercise. He said at one time: "I do not cycle, I do not ride, I do not walk when I can help it, I do not play cricket, I do not play football, I do not play tennis, and I do not even play golf, which I have been assured is the most indispensable condition of statesmanship. The fact is, I do not take any exercise at all."

Outside of commercial and political interest his hobby is flowers. He has fifteen or sixteen men constantly employed at Highbury on his pleasure gardens of some forty acres and his orchid houses.

Q

He is the freeman whom truth makes free.

COWPER.

What constitutes a state?
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and mortals hold
Which Milton held.

WORDSWORTH.

"Shades, that soft Sedition woo,
Around the haunts of Peterloo,
That hover o'er the meeting-halls,
Where many a voice stentorian bawls,
Still flit the sacred choir around,
With "Freedom" let the garrets ring,
And vengence soon in thunder sound
On church, and constable, and king.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ROSEBERY.

THAT Conservative statemen have engaged my attention first in this series of sketches does not necessarily mean that my leanings politically are in that direction. That does not follow, nor does it matter.

The Conservative party are discovered in power in this year of our Lord 1900, and it is a memorable year in the history of the British Empire. I could not give my impressions of men and things without speaking first and largely of those who are charged with the duty of government in a year of such importance.

Turning my thoughts to English Liberals, first among the great men of that party who stands out from the others, at this time, is Lord Rosebery. His has been an interesting career. I think of the parallel that may be drawn between his character and that of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Some of Mr. Chamberlain's best work was done as a member of the City Council of his own city, Birmingham. He there distinguished himself as a legislator in municipal affairs, and showed himself possessed of that strong administrative ability that grasps the real situation and shows itself in a complete understanding of details.

Lord Rosebery made for himself a mark as a member of the London County Council, and as its first chairman, being elected to that position in 1889. The improvements in the municipal situation of the world's metropolis is due in large degree to the ability and effort of Lord Rosebery at that time.

Lord Rosebery is usually spoken of as a Scotchman, and I have no doubt that he thinks of himself as a son of the heather. True he was born in London, England, May 7, 1847, marking the date. His parentage and his instincts, however, are Scotch.

Lord Rosebery has not been engaged for as many years in the active pursuit of politics as has been the case with others whom I have already sketched. He is yet a young man, and his greater activities are doubtless in the future. He filled the position of Foreign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet with signal ability, and later, when he succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, he showed his fitness for that exalted position.

How true it is that the world is full of contrasts. It is believed that Lord Rosebery was Mr. Glad-

stone's choice as his successor, and yet in character they are quite different. It has been said of the "Grand Old Man" that he carried his heart on his sleeve. He was open, frank and outspoken. This does not imply that Lord Rosebery was the opposite, but there is a shyness and reticience about Lord Rosebery that marks him as a different stamp of man. When Mr. Gladstone was worried or annoyed or angry, everybody knew it. He possessed little self-composure. Lord Rosebery, it has well been said, keeps his likes and his dislikes to himself. He is of an extremely sensitive disposition, and hesitates to push himself forward as others will do.

All the advantage of rank and wealth and culture and opportunities is Lord Rosebery's. He is immensely wealthy, possessed of an excellent education, and his tastes are altogether literary and cultured.

Archibald Philip Primrose, who is to-day the fifth Earl of Rosebery, was, as I have already remarked, born in London, England, and is now only fifty-three years of age. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his grandfather as Lord Rosebery in 1868. He was Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs in 1881-83; First Commissioner of Works 1884-1885; Foreign Secretary in the third and fourth Gladstone Administrations 1886 and 1892-1894. On Mr. Gladstone's retirement from office in March,

1894, Lord Rosebery succeeded him as Prime Minister.

Few men are more largely in demand on a public platform than Lord Rosebery. He is possessed of a pleasant wit and a quiet humor that makes him a favorite, especially as chairman of social and literary gatherings and as an after-dinner speaker.

His speeches are brightened with apt illustrations, and put in such a way as to win the ear of his listeners. But, noted as a speaker on social occasions, he is equally noted as a statesman who can handle the gravest questions with largeness and ability.

Lord Rosebery is a landowner in five counties, and has his residences in three, not including his well-known place at Berkeley Square. The Durdans, Mentmore and Dalmeny have each their charms, but, unfortunately, not even Lord Rosebery can be in three places at one time, and he discharges as best he can the duties of resident Magistrate in Surrey, in Bucks and Midlothian. Mentmore came to him by the marriage which gave him a conjugal connection with the new Canaan which the Rothschilds have founded for themselves in Hampden's country. At Dalmeny his foot is on his native heath; all Edinburgh lies at his back door, while in front there is spread out before him a vast expanse of the gray Northern Sea.

Lord Rosebery wields a facile pen, though he has not written a great deal. His sketch of Pitt is

spoken of as terse, bright, vivid and entertaining—an admirable specimen of the best English of our time. It is interesting reading, in that it is a study of a Prime Minister of the 18th century by a Prime Minister of the 20th century.

Those who know Lord Rosebery most intimately say that whilst he does not make any very manifest profession of religion, that he is a man dominated by the religious instinct, and that not even Mr. Gladstone himself scrutinized more closely the moral aspects of all his policies and all his acts.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends,
Hath he not always treasures, always friends;
The good, great man? three treasures—love and light
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store.

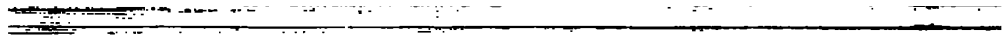
JOHN KEBLE.

I am a part of all that I have met.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Every word that he speaks has been fiercely furnaced,
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest.
His periods fall on you stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE plain title, Mr. Gladstone, suits best one who during his long life was familiarly known as "The People's William," and later in life as "England's Grand Old Man."

It may be that in the closing year of the 19th century events have transpired that diminish somewhat the glory of a most illustrious career. But one single event in a great man's life—a mistake it may be, or an act of distinguishable glory—does not make the life. It must be measured by its full quiver of deeds. And the estimate, taking it through and through, that W. Ewart Gladstone was the greatest Englishman of his time, does not, I venture to say, appraise too highly this great commoner.

My visit to England would have missed much of its interest, now that he is no more, if it had not come my way to meet Mr. Gladstone, to have had

some little opportunity to study his wonderful personality, and to hear from his lips words of impassioned eloquence as only they could come from this eminent statesman.

Mr. Gladstone had all the advantages that come from a splendid heritage—for his father and mother were both people of strong personality and character. Wealth in the family gave to him all possible opportunities for attaining a first-class education. Opportunities do not always make the man. They are not in every case availed of by the boy or girl, and the loss is theirs. But of a studious habit and a young man of ambition, Mr. Gladstone availed himself of these opportunities, and laid the foundation for carrying on the great work that came to him through the long years of his life.

On his father's side Mr. Gladstone was a Lowland Scotchman, and on his mother's side a Highlander of the Donnachie clan. A biographer has stated that it was from his mother's side he had the imagination and poetry of his nature, and from her also he had that leaning towards the occult which he sedulously kept in check. It was the custom of Mr. Gladstone's parents to accustom their children to the discussion of various topics, and in this way, no doubt, they fed the appetite for discussion that grew with the young Gladstone as he grew in years.

When Mr. Gladstone was twelve years of age he

went to school, and was declared by Dr. Roderick Murchison to be "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." When eighteen, Mr. Gladstone became a contributor to the Eton Miscellany. At nineteen he went up to Oxford, and became an undergraduate of Christ's Church. Ten years after he left college it is said that undergraduates drank less wine in the forties because Gladstone had been so abstemious in the thirties. In 1831 he made his first great speech at the Oxford University, of which he was first Secretary and then President.

Another incident, which is not generally known, is that it was his filial obedience which first brought to light that extraordinary aptitude for figures which enabled Mr. Gladstone to be far and away the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer whom England has ever had. When he was at Oxford he wrote home, saying that he did not care for mathematics and intended to concentrate his attention upon classics. His father wrote back that he heard with much grief of his son's decision. He did not think a man was a man unless he knew mathematics. Mr. Gladstone, when receiving this intimation of his father's wishes, abandoned his own plan and applied himself with his usual concentration to the study of mathematics. Much to his surprise he came out double first. He often said in after life that he had done it to please his father, and that he never would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer had it not been for the bent given his

mind by the compliance with his father's wishes that he should pursue mathematical studies.

Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament for the first time in 1833, when he was elected to represent Newark by the then Duke of Newcastle. Few men entered public life with greater advantages. He was not only healthy and wealthy, but the ripest flower of the University culture of his time As everybody knows, he entered public life as a Tory, though he afterwards became one of the most radical of radicals.

When Mr. Gladstone was on the eve of emerging from his high-and-dry Toryism, he was thus described by one who subsequently succeeded him as leader of the House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote wrote: "There is but one statesman of the day in whom I feel entire confidence, and with whom I cordially agree, and that statesman is Mr. Gladstone. I look upon him as the representative of the party—scarcely developed as yet, though secretly forming and strengthening—which will stand by all that is dear and sacred in my estimation in the struggle which I believe will come. before long between good and evil, order and disorder, the Church and the world, and I see a very little band collecting around him and ready to fight manfully under his leading."

In 1845 Mr. Gladstone first had his attention seriously drawn to Ireland and in that year he entertained the idea of devoting the month of Sep-

tember to a tour to the distressful land. He then said:

"Ireland is likely to find this country and Parliament so much employed for years to come that I feel rather oppressively an obligation to try and see it with my own eyes instead of using those of other people, according to the limited measure of my means."

His was a career of such length and so crowded with events that in a brief sketch it is difficult to even touch the fringe of his life story. One who knew Mr. Gladstone well has given this summary of his high achievements of his public life, and I can hardly do better than to use his words:

First, he completed the revolution in British finance which Sir Robert Peel had begun. Mr. Gladstone was Cobden in office, establishing free trade and throwing the ports of the empire open to the world.

Secondly, he abolished the paper duties, which made a cheap press impossible, reduced the duty of cheap light wines in the interest of temperance, prepared the way for a heavy increase in the death duties, and steadily reduced the national debt.

Thirdly, he was the most potent force in the electoral revolution which democratized the urban and then the rural electorate and then directed the attack of the democracy upon the House of Lords.

Fourthly, he reintroduced and popularized the policy of Canning as the foreign policy of England.

This policy was humanitarian and crusading in its essence. It supported young peoples struggling to be free, championed Bulgaria against the Turk, and defended the principle of the European concert as the germ of the United States of Europe.

Fifthly, in things Imperial he conquered Egypt, gave up the Ionian Islands, the Transvaal, evacuated Afghanistan, annexed Fiji and southern New Guinea, and either granted or confirmed the charter granted to the Royal Niger, Borneo and South African Companies.

Sixthly, in the case of the Alabama, he established the principle of arbitration as the right of way of settling international disputes between English-speaking peoples.

Seventhly, he abolished church rates and university tests and disestablished and disendowed the Irish Church.

Eighthly, he attempted to do justice to the Irish peasant, and closed his career by an unavailing effort to pass a measure of home rule for Ireland.

Ninthly, and perhaps the most important of all, he was ever the embodiment of the sentiment of duty and the principle of justice. The spirit of the man was more than any series of his acts, and his rule was uniformly lofty and his appeals were ever to the higher nature of man. We shall not speedily look upon his like again.

EMPIRE FIRST.

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No. We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank,
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

O! triune kingdom of the brave,
O! sea-girt island of the free,
O! empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee,
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ABERDEEN.

CANADIANS have been particularly favored in late years in their Governors-General. Each seems to have fitted in most completely to the conditions of the country. I would not want to draw any invidious comparison, but one can say with every safety, that not in its history has Canada had a representative of Her Majesty who more generally won the hearts of the people than did the Earl of Aberdeen and Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Both threw themselves sympathetically and enthusiastically into the spirit of this newer country, and it can well be said that Canada is better for having had these distinguished people in their midst for a term of years.

Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, or, as we know him, Lord Aberdeen was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 3, 1847. He received his education

at St. Andrew's University and at University College, at Oxford, where he received his B.A. in 1871, and his M.A. in 1877. While still at college he succeeded to the Peerage by the death of his elder brother, the sixth Earl, who was lost at sea January 27th, 1870.

Though we have not known him in Canada in a year when the military spirit was as prominent as it is in this closing year of the nineteenth century, yet we have to remember Lord Aberdeen as possessing a military career of considerable importance. He is Honorary Colonel of the Aberdeen Artillery Volunteers, and a Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers.

In literary and educational centres he has always been distinguished. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and an LL.D. of the University of Aberdeen and St. Andrew's. During his stay in Canada he also received an honorary degree of LL.D. from Queen's, McGill, Toronto and Ottawa Universities, and his D.C.L. from the University of Bishops, Lennoxville.

The youth of Canada have much to thank Lord Aberdeen for in the interest that he took in the Boys' Brigade, giving a stimulus to this institution that has meant permanent strength for it from that day on. He was Honorary President of the Boys' Brigade in Great Britain, and when urged he threw his interests in with the movement in Canada, and became Honorary President of the Boys'

Brigade of the Dominion. And the office was not one simply in name with Lord Aberdeen, for he gave to the work considerable time and thought.

Honors of many kinds have been showered upon His Excellency. In 1895 he was created Knight of the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. His broad sympathy with all classes of people brought him into touch with the Indians, and in 1895 he was made Chief of the Blackfeet Indians, and in 1896 he was adopted into the Seneca tribe of Six Nations Indians, and made Chief of the same.

Before coming to Canada Lord Aberdeen was a factor in the political world in Great Britain. He entered the House of Lords in 1872 as a Conservative, but in the session of 1876 he disagreed with some of the principal measures of his party, and when, two years later, Earls Derby and Carnarvon resigned their offices, Lord Aberdeen heartily supported them in the step they had taken. He served on various committees of the House, doing important service, and taking frequent part in the debates. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone appointed him Viceroy of Ireland, and Canadians know the popularity both he and the Countess of Aberdeen won while occupying that position. While leaving Dublin, on the completion of his term of office, the manifestations of regret for his departure were most marked. One of his biographers says:—

"Nothing like the demonstration then made by the

people had been seen there since the leave-taking of Earl Fitzwilliam in 1795."

In 1887, Lord Aberdeen, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen, made a tour, in the course of which they visited India, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand and the United States. Later, in 1890, they took up their residence in Canada for a few months, and again returned to this country in 1891. On these occasions he made himself acquainted with the wonderful natural resources of British Columbia, and as a result of his observations invested largely in lands in that province. On one portion of his new estate in the Okanagan district he has since maintained a ranch for stock-breeding purposes; and again a thriving and extensive fruit-farm together with a forty acre hop-yard.

Lord Aberdeen was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1893, and His Excellency arrived at Quebec on September 17th, and was given a hearty welcome by all classes of the population.

I need not enter into any details of his many acts, public, social and otherwise, whilst here, as they are familiar to most readers. He proved an ideal Governor-General, and in the Countess of Aberdeen the people had one who kept closely in touch with the spirit of this new country, and by her activities has left an impress on the people that will no doubt be for their lasting good. Both Lord and Lady Aberdeen were ever untiring in their efforts to help all classes and conditions of Canadian people.

Though Lord and Lady Aberdeen are now away from Canadian shores we must look upon them as citizens of this Dominion, not alone from the fact that they have, as I have intimated, considerable property-interest in our newer provinces, but from the fact that they identified themselves very closely with our interests from the start, and, as we have reason to know, have not to this day forgotten their residence in Canada.

YOUNG MAN.

What are the Visions and the Cry
  That haunt the new Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads we know not why
  O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly—
Some magic moment sure is nigh,
  O Seer, the curtain roll.

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
  Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
  A native land—O think! To be
Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
  From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
  Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand
  O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain, "A Native Land,"
  Thine be the ear, the sight.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD MINTO,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

CANADA is privileged in having as Her Majesty's representative at the present time one to whom Canada is not a strange country, and who in this war-year possesses in large measure the instincts, traditions and experience of a soldier.

Lord Minto is remembered by our people as Military Secretary for Lord Lansdowne, now Minister of War in the Salisbury Cabinet, when he was Governor-General of Canada.

Gilbert John Murray Kynynmond Elliot, fourth Earl of Minto, was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1898. Lord Minto served with the Turkish army in 1877 and in the Afghan war in 1879. He was Private Secretary to Lord Roberts at the Cape in 1881.

Minto Castle is always associated with any men-

tion of Lord Minto's name. This beautiful residence stands six miles distant from the quaint old town of Hawick in the old, mountainous portion of Roxburghshire. Nature has endowed the district with much beauty in hills and dales and the country is invested with the romantic charm associated with the deeds of armies in Border wars, whilst additional interest is evoked by the fact that the British home of Lord Minto is in closest touch with the land of Sir Walter Scott. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" he alludes to the well-known craigs which are washed by the Teviot at their base. You cannot fail to notice this natural pinnacle capped by a tower recently restored and now guarded by a gun taken by "Elliot the Brave" from the French Admiral Thurôt in the action off the Isle of Man in 1760.

A military atmosphere surrounds Minto Castle at every turn. One may see trophies of arms and the old colors of the Border militia, raised to resist a threatened invasion of Napoleon, that decorates the first hall which is panelled with oak, as is Lord Minto's study. The place abounds with interest as one moves from compartment to compartment, though I cannot pretend in a sketch of this kind to enter to any large extent into details. One sees on the walls portraits of the first and second Baronets, both Sir Gilbert Elliot, who were each successively Lord Minto. Near these there hangs an engraving of the fourth Baronet who at the

C.P.R. TANK ELEVATOR—FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

British evacuation of Corsica was created Baron Minto, and who on his return as Governor-General of Bengal was created Earl of Minto.

I have referred to the many evidences of the soldier spirit which surrounds Lord Minto, and these are very marked in the home of this soldier. Reminiscences of the kind at Minto Castle are many. Besides several battle pieces, illustrating the conquest of India, one of which portrays the battle of Mahidpore in 1817, where Lord Minto's grandfather figured, when General Sir Thomas Hisslop was in command, there are many memorials to remind one of the engagements and campaigns in which Lord Minto himself has taken part. Egyptian spearheads and rifles, for instance, are souvenirs of the time when Lord Minto gave his service as volunteer in the Egyptian campaign in 1882, serving as a captain in the Mounted Infantry and getting wounded at Mayfar, just before Lord Wolseley fought the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Musket trophies will suggest his attachment to the Turkish forces during the Russo-Turkish war. A very handsome "Poshteer," or Afghan sheepskin jacket, beautifully embroidered, which formerly belonged to Lord Roberts, is a reminder that he was "Bobs'" secretary on his proceeding to the Cape after the disaster of Majuba Hill, which has since been so successfully redeemed by Lord Roberts.

Although Lord Minto has not seen active service since he was chief of the staff under General Mid-

dleton, on the expedition for the suppression of the Riel insurrection in the Canadian North-West, yet since 1888 he has had command of the Scottish Border Volunteer Infantry Brigade as Brigadier-General, and still shows the same interest in military subjects as when he was a lieutenant in the Scots Guards.

Literary ability would seem to run in the Minto family. Jean Elliot, daughter of the second Baronet, had a pretty turn for poetry, and wrote the "Flowers of the Forest"; and the late Lady Minto compiled "Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot," and a most interesting biography of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, brother of the first Earl of Minto. In the manuscript room in the Minto Castle, which is next to Lord Minto's study, there is a collection of family papers with correspondence from a great number of notabilities, and not the least interesting among these may be mentioned the name of Lord Minto's kinsman, Sir Geo. Agustus Elliot, the great General who fought in Cuba in 1763, and who was created Lord Heatherfield for his gallant defence of Gibraltar during 1778-83.

Lord Minto is ever ready to speak of the satisfaction it was to himself and Lady Minto when he learned of his appointment as Governor-General of Canada, for both he and Lady Minto have had the most pleasant recollections of Canada and the Canadians during the period that he served as Secretary for Lord Lansdowne. It is perhaps premature

to review Lord Minto's term as Governor-General of Canada, seeing that he is barely midway into that term; but how efficiently, pleasantly and graciously both he and Lady Minto have fulfilled all expectations of the Canadian people, is to-day a matter of frank and open comment with the people from one end of the country to the other.

And oh, still harder lesson, how to die.

BEILBY PORTEUS.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

COWPER.

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.

EDWARD GIBSON.

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON.

If God hath made this world so fair
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

WORDSWORTH.

DWIGHT L MOODY,

THE EVANGELIST.

A PRETTY story is told of two school children, twins, of the negro race, who were anxious to take part in a procession on Memorial Day. But the rule was that only those who were children of soldiers could have that honor. The little tots went home to their mother—their father having died about three months previous—and asked if their papa wasn't a "sojer." The mother assured her loved ones that their father had certainly been a "sojer," emphasizing her statement with the remark that he was a "sojer" under a Captain who had never lost a battle. Such a sojer was Dwight L. Moody. He was not a warrior bold, as is Lord Roberts, but he was one who during his long life fought many battles and always under a Captain who never lost a battle.

A critic has said that he "not only won battles but he organized the fruits of victory." The Rev.

Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer said he was a Grant or Wellington among Christian warriors. To quote the Rev. F. B. Meyer, "He was the Von Moltke of the religious world in the United States." John McNeil has called him "The Wellington of the Evangelistic army," and it is said, and the remark is suggestive, that Mr. Moody was an admirer of Napoleon, considered as an organizing mind. He was beyond any doubt at the front of the battles of the Church Militant from childhood days until summoned to go above by the Captain who never lost a battle.

Those who have read the chapters of "My Travels" would have learned that throughout my life I have ever felt a warm interest in Christian and Church work, and I shall ever cherish it as one of the pleasantest memories to have both listened to and conversed with Mr. Moody—greatest of Christian workers in his day and generation.

Summarized in as few sentences as possible, Mr. Moody's biography may be sketched in this wise: Dwight L. Moody was born in the town of East Northfield in Massachusetts, which in his later life he made so great a centre of religious influence and educational power, in the old Moody Homestead, close by the house in which he died. His mother died in 1896, at the great age of ninety. Her efforts to bring up the nine children dependent upon her care as a widow were touching, and were

constantly referred to by Mr. Moody with the deepest feeling. At the age of seventeen Dwight L. Moody found employment in Boston, and soon became first an attendant and then a member of the Mount Vernon (Congregational) Church. A little later he went to Chicago and engaged in the shoe trade. In Chicago he became very actively interested in the Plymouth Congregational Church, and formed a Sunday school class of eighteen ragged boys, whom he himself found about the city, and before very long opened a mission in an empty tavern. From this beginning Mr. Moody went on to establish a school which reached an attendance of six hundred and fifty, so that in 1869 he decided to devote himself wholly to city missionary and religious work. At this stage of his life he had little money to carry on his work, and he kept his own expenses within an astonishingly small sum. In 1863 he erected a church building; in 1865 he was chosen President of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association. Soon after this Farewell Hall was erected, and after its destruction by fire, rebuilt; it was again destroyed by the great Chicago fire, and then Mr. Moody's first great tabernacle, so called, was erected. The visits which Mr. Moody made to great Britain in 1867 and 1873, and particularly the latter visit, did a great deal to bring him into prominence as a speaker and swayer of great multitudes; but his evangelistic training was received in Chicago in

those years of strenuous labor among difficulties which we have just mentioned. In Scotland the preacher's power attained its highest level, and upon his return to this country there followed an extraordinary series of meetings in enormous buildings, often erected for that purpose, in almost all the great American cities. We cannot speak in detail of his subsequent career. The Northfield Seminary for Girls was started in 1879, originally for the farmers' daughters in the vicinity; beginning with eight girls, it has grown to provide education for three hundred and fifty, and has about a dozen buildings. The school for boys at Mount Vernon was started in 1881, and is a fit companion to its predecessor. The Chicago Bible Institute, now under the principal charge of Rev. Reuben A. Torrey, was organized eight years later. A long list might be made of church and school buildings, and institutes in the organizing of which Mr. Moody had a prominent share. The religious conferences at Northfield have for many years attracted in the summer great audiences, who there had the opportunity of listening to sermons and addresses from many of the ablest and most famous preachers and writers of this country.

His is a remarkable character to study. We think of Mr. Moody as a Christian evangelist. He was everything that these words might imply. Had he chosen, as he started out, a mercantile calling, he would certainly have been one of the

most successful of business men. As a salesman in a Chicago store he sold more goods than any other clerk. This strong business bent, combined with his intense religious character, doubtless gave him in after life his remarkable influence over men of wealth. They trusted him with anything he put his hand to—knowing that he had both the ability and the zeal to carry the work through to a successful issue.

Henry Drummond's remark that "He was the biggest human I ever met," explains in a sentence his remarkable knowledge of men. He saw men through and through—was able to size up his workers and know just where to place them where they would do the most good.

Speaking of Henry Drummond, that "broad-church preacher and aristocrat in taste" we have here again an illustration of another side of Mr. Moody's character. In many respects Drummond was the antithesis of Mr. Moody—a man of scholarly attainments, high culture, refined and sensitive, he stood most loyally by Mr. Moody when he went to Scotland. His influence over the late Henry Drummond was in later life exercised in enlisting men prominent in the religious world like the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and a host of others.

Mr. Moody was married to Miss Emma C. Revell, of Chicago, in 1862, and in her he ever found a sympathetic comrade. He is quoted as

saying: "When I have an especially hard case I turn him over to my wife; she can bring the man to a decision for Christ where I cannot touch him."

In the popular mind "Moody and Sankey" were inseparable names. Mr. Moody's taking up, as it were, Ira D. Sankey when a young man, was a further illustration of his insight into men. He recognized the power of singing, and the power of soul in singing, and in Mr. Sankey he believed he secured just such a man. It has been said there were hundreds of men with better voices than Ira D. Sankey, considered merely as a tone-producer, but Mr. Moody discovered the soul in the man to make a second-class voice produce first-class spiritual results, through its expressive and appealing use.

In the biography that is just now off the press of Mr. Moody, written by his son, are to be found some interesting sidelights of Mr. Moody by Mr. Sankey. I have had an opportunity of seeing the book and Mr. Sankey's story how he became associated with Mr. Moody will be interesting. He says: "My relations to Mr. Moody in his evangelical work were brought about most peculiarly. . . There was a convention of Y.M.C.A. workers at Indianapolis. Mr. Moody was in charge of an early morning prayer meeting. I walked in and took a seat by the Rev. Robert McMillan. This preacher was a psalm-singer of the old school. When I sat down, however, he touched me on the

elbow, and said: 'Mr. Sankey, I'm glad you've come. The singing here this morning has been abominable, and when this prayer is over I want you to start up a Gospel Hymn.' I sang, 'There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.' After the service I was introduced to Mr. Moody, and he told me at once that he wanted me to come and work with him." This was the beginning of the "Moody and Sankey" partnership, thirty years ago.

Mr. Moody ended his life of tremendous activities December 22, 1899. Stricken low with heart disease at Kansas City, he was taken to his home at Northfield. For a time it seemed as if he might recover sufficiently to act as administrator. if not as an evangelist, but it was not to be so. The story of his death as told by his son is most interesting.

Coming out of a sinking spell early that morning, he said: "If this is death there is no valley. This is glorious. I have been within the gates and have seen the children. Earth is receding. Heaven is approaching. God is calling me." Later he gave parting instructions to his family respecting their life-work, declaring that he never had been ambitious to lay up money but only to have strength enough to do what God called him to do. Then when the physicians approached to give him stimulants and prolong life, Mr. Moody asked if they could do aught but alleviate distress, and when they replied that no permanent gain

was to come from their act, he said: "Then I think we will stop, for it is only prolonging the suffering of those who are dear to me." Then his last volition was one of consideration for others, and with that he died.

A reference to Mr. Moody's death has brought to memory an utterance of a sermon by him some little time before his death. There he said: "By-and-by you will hear people say that Mr. Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die, but that which is born of the Spirit may live for ever."

ADDENDA.

ROBERT SHIELDS IN LITERATURE.

Story of Geo. W. Grote's "Life and Character of Robert Shields." Published by leading firms in Toronto, Canada; London, England; Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland.

Few books have been published in late years that have won more fully the approval of the people than the "Life and Character of Robert Shields," by G. W. Grote. This interest has not been of a transitory character, as is indicated in the continued and steadily growing sale for this book from year to year. It is to be found in most of Mechanics' Institutes, public and private libraries of Great Britain, United States and Canada. The new edition that has recently been brought out is meeting with just that added favor that one might expect.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

We have before us a work by GEORGE WHITFIELD GROTE, of Toronto, entitled "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," being a Hand Book for the Guidance of Youths

generally, and especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits. This little volume is handsomely printed and bound by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, Canada; E. Marlborough & Co., London, E. C.; J. Menzies & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, and may be heartily commended to the attentive perusal of all young men, particularly those immediately in the author's view. The table of contents gives some idea of the scope of the treatise, which will be eminently practical throughout. It does not purpose any unattainable standard of commercial eminence, on the contrary, it unfolds, in the first place, the career of a business man who has always been and still is one of the people. All that is claimed for Mr. Shields is a steadfast and energetic application to business, a constant adherence to moral and religious principles, and to those sterling qualities are attributed the successes which have crowned an active life. In this way precept is intimately connected with example, and young men are invited to pursue no path in life which has not been traversed by one in the same position as themselves.—*The Dominion.*

The reader will find his attention directed to success in life and from which, if practised, will bring about a revival of trade, and to economise and guard against failure during dull trade. Robert Shields was born at Dunfermline on the 28th January 1848, and that he was taken to Canada by his father when only four years old. He developed into a singularly upright and honest young man, and in the author's own words, "is a bright example of what may be accomplished in business by a proper combination of the several requirements of a commercial man." We cannot but admit that it is one of the best that could be put into the hands of a young man—or even woman for the matter of that—beginning life. Without advocating any startling peculiar principles, like as Cobbett did in his famous work, entitled "Advice to Young Men," the author has succeeded in arranging in a new and very readable manner a series of essays on questions relating to private life and success in business. Without exception, these essays are masterpieces of common-sense and only require to be read to meet with the appreciation they deserve. Want of space prevents us from publishing extracts from them. The book is very nicely got up, and forms a good specimen of the work Canadian printers can turn out.—*Dunfermline Journal.*

This is a volume intended as a hand book for and guidance of youths generally, and especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits. A photograph of the hero represents him as a good-looking man, one and thirty years of age.—*Toronto Telegram.*

This is not the first attempt to give advice in manners, morals, and business methods to young men about to engage in trade and

commerce; but in its place it has all the merit of originality. For the most part where examples of commercial success are held up for imitation, they have been usually chosen from the exceptional few, and the lessons inculcated tend rather to dishearten than to encourage. Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," was the hero in our boyish days; but the story of the cat, apart from its mythical aspect, put him entirely beyond the range of a youth's imitative instincts. Nor is there much use in pointing a moral from the career of the original Rothschild, of Astor, Peabody, or Vanderbilt. All these men made money under exceptional circumstances, and to tell the young tyro that he should emulate their success, is like bidding the raw recruit to imitate Napoleon, or the budding politician to keep in his mind's eye the career of Pitt, Fox, Beaconsfield, or Gladstone. It is of the highest importance that lessons of honour and probity should be inculcated at a very early age; but the fault is usually commited of either resting content with *jejune* abstractions, or pointed to instances of business eminence altogether too high above the novice's head. Youth is no doubt the season of ambition, yet no boy of well-balanced character expects to be a millionaire unless he be placed in exceptional circumstances. It is not, therefore, of much use to raise expectation too high, by talking of a success which, for ninety-nine out of a hundred, is absolutely unattainable.

The purpose of this work then is to show that although young business men cannot all hope to attain great wealth, they can, and by honesty and diligence, may secure comfort and independence. Mr. Grote chooses a fellow citizen, because he is a man who, without being one of our commercial magnates, has by patient industry, thrift, sobriety and perseverance accomplished what lies within the power of any youth of intelligence and moral worth. The purely biographical sketch of Mr. Robert Shields is not made unnecessarily long, because the author's object appears to have been to draw lessons from a method, rather than obtrude personal details upon the attention of his readers. It may suffice to state that, like many other successful merchants in Canada, Mr. Shields was a native of Scotland, having been born at the old town of Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, and came with his family to Canada in 1852, when only four years of age. Passing on to the lessons to be inculcated is the first and chief—"the advantage of a proper business education." Mr. Grote insists upon this as the main element towards success in life. Thanks to modern advantages, there is no longer any reason why a youth should be dependent upon chance for a suitable training, Our educational system is unsurpassed by any in the world, and there are facilities for acquiring technical knowledge in our commercial colleges unknown to the genera-

tions gone by. If a youth of average intelligence remains a drudge all his life, he has only his own carelessness or want of serious application to blame for the result.

The author justly lays stress upon the pressing necessity for sound moral and religious principles. In the prosecution of retail business, especially, there is every temptation to wander from the strict path. As a general rule, our business men in Canada are strictly upright in their dealings, but where competition runs so high there is great danger of being led into crooked ways. There are always unprincipled members of every trade and profession, and in retail business especially the temporary advantages repeated by want of truthfulness, false weights and measures, adulteration, and palpably misleading statements, whether by advertisement or otherwise, are serious trials to the young men of principle. But after all, experience shows that the upright and conscientious comes out best in the race, notwithstanding the temporary success of the sharp practitioner. Mr. Grote passes in review other business virtues, such as early rising, punctuality and diligence during the hours of work, conscientious discharge of duty to employers, as if for oneself, and so on.

One lesson of considerable importance is the avoidance of that peculiar snare to new beginners—the effort at "keeping up appearances." It has often seemed to us that many promising young men begin at the wrong end. Instead of steadily and unostentatiously pursuing the straight and steady path to competence, it is too often the practice to launch out into extravagance which can only be justified and maintained when a fortune has been accumulated. Smith, although not by any means so well off as his rival, must have a horse and carriage, lest he should appear to be behind Brown. His young wife must be dressed as richly and attend parties and public amusements as assiduously as Mrs. Jones, whose husband was in business ten years earlier. This folly, as Mr. Grote remarks, has reduced many an honest and energetic tradesman to bankruptcy and ruin. "Don't live beyond your means" is our author's injunction.

The third chapter is devoted to "Cash v. Credit"—a subject upon which some cogent remarks are made, illustrated by the experience and practice of Mr. Shields. Upon this subject there will doubtless be considerable difference of opinion. Many tradesmen are convinced that an extensive business cannot be carried on without both asking and giving credit. In the case before us, the cash experiment vindicated itself. To buy for cash, according to Mr. Shields, is to get one's goods in the best markets and at the lowest rates. In order to carry out that plan, however, it is necessary to sell for cash also, and if customers only knew their own interests they certainly would

all patronize the cash system. Credit acts disadvantageously in two ways. In the first place, the retailer is restricted to his choice; where he owes he must buy on, at whatever cost, or get into difficulties. And in the second place, in giving credit to his own customers he must reckon upon losses by bad debts and be content to lie out of his money for months. Now the householder who could, and perhaps does, pay cash, has to suffer for these inevitable consequences in the increased price of the commodities he buys. So the prompt customer, as a matter of fact, bears the sins of those who are long-winded.

The great value of character is then insisted upon by Mr. Grote, who proceeds in the succeeding chapters to give valuable hints for those entering a mercantile life, and his view of the dignity of the commercial character and calling. The space at our command will not permit of further detail; it may be remarked, however, that this little work contains no less than sixty-five chapters, short, pithy, and to the point. The selections are judiciously made, and no young salesman or merchant can read the book without being elevated in tone and spirit by its perusal. To this we may add, that although primarily a manual for youths who intend to follow mercantile pursuits, it covers a large amount of general ground relating to taste and culture, thus adapting itself to readers of all ages and professions. The work is admirably got up typographically, and contains a fine photograph of Mr. Shields.—*Toronto Mail.*

This work might, with advantage, be placed in the hands of every young person. The excellent advice, the moral precepts and the worthy examples might not, in every instance, restrain the inexperienced youth within the paths of rectitude; but these are calculated to material success in life, integrity of purpose, unimpeachable morality, and a considerable means of happiness. The volume will, undoubtedly, exercise a potent and beneficial influence upon all young expanding minds, stimulating them to the rigid observance of essential virtues, including honesty, truthfulness and morality. Under certain circumstances, men with indomitable force of character may overcome almost unsufferable difficulties; but the world is not and never will be composed mainly of such men as "Robert Shields." Hence the failure and the impossibility of the universal adoption of the cash in preference to the credit system in business. It may be stated that Robert Shields, as well as Mr. Carnegie of New York, will be entitled to conspicuous positions in the next edition of "Eminent Men of Fife." Mr. Robert Shields was born at Dunfermline, on the 28th January, 1848, and went to Canada with his father at the age of four years. After exercising innumerable Christian virtues, he is now one of the most successful merchants in Toronto. The typography and binding are excellent,

and the first page is embellished with an admirable photograph of Mr. Shields.—*The People's Journal*, Cupar, Scotland.

This book—written by a Canadian author—is a hand book for the guidance of youths generally, and especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits. The contents abound in excellent advice and reflection, much of which is well calculated to benefit the persons for whom it is more especially intended. Robert Shields was born at Dunfermline in 1848, and, with his father, went thence to Canada when about four years of age, in which country, so far as can be gleaned from the book, he seems to have attained a prominent position as a successful merchant. It also appears that there he was favourably known for his strictly upright, benevolent, and thorough Christian character. Whilst pleasant and gratifying to learn of a son of Dunfermline thus honourably upholding her good name in a distant land, it is to be regretted that the more noticeable features in the life of such a one are not presented to us in a fuller manner than is done by the author of sound common sense, and well applied moral maxims, the pages are by no means lacking. Perhaps the portions which will be most appreciated are those bearing on the cultivation of manly and virtue-guiding principles of life. A photograph of Mr. Shields forms the frontispiece, and in type and general get-up, the book is highly creditable to the colonial press.—*Dunfermline Press*, Scotland.

This little volume has a somewhat imposing appearance. The author represents it to be not only a biography but a hand-book for the guidance of youths generally, and especially those about to enter on commercial pursuits. It commences with a few brief sketches of the hero of the story, from whose life and character the instructions seem to be drawn. Robert Shields, though born at Dunfermline, Scotland, early immigrated with his friends, and spent the greater portion of his time in Canada. There is no lack of interesting and important matter amid the many wise and shrewd observations, the obtaining of a sound, moral and religious training is urged, added to system, punctuality, honesty, etc. In the all important point of character, attention is directed to the influence exerted by education, and a due acquaintance with the sacred Scriptures. A fine illustration of this is found in the character of Robert Shields' moral and religious life. The rules of humility and politeness are not to be gathered so much from Chesterfield as from the Sermon on the Mount. His remarks on the relation of politics to religion are sound and judicious. So, likewise, are his various observances of the Sabbath. Indeed, the remarks on every subject taken up are of real sterling worth, and must be of great value to those for whom they are intended.—*Fife Record*, Anstruther, Scotland.

Mr. Shields has evidently conducted business upon principles

which are honourable and Christian. He is well known in Toronto as an upright, excellent man, and as exceptionally liberal towards religious and benevolent objects. He is entitled to the commendation which is bestowed upon him in the sketch of his career which has been published, and there is, undoubtedly, much to be learned by young men entering business from his example. It is to be hoped that the lessons of his life will not be presented without leading many to copy his excellent qualities.—PRINCIPAL CAVEN, Knox College, Toronto.

This book, as the preface informs us, is intended to assist in the formation of character. Robert Shields, a Canadian merchant, was, as the author says, "a bright example of what may be accomplished in business by a proper combination of the several requirements of a commercial man." But little space is given to the biographical sketch, the object of the author evidently being to use the many good qualities and methods of the man as texts for his excellent and admirable essays on business sociology and morality of religion. It is written in a simple but by no means unattractive style, and breathes throughout an earnest religious spirit. We like the book, and heartily commend it to young men.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

It is got up in a neat manner, and is highly commended by the press both in the Dominion and in the Old Country. It is written for the purpose of giving advice in manners, morals and business methods to young men about to engage in trade and commerce, and the author has shown himself qualified for the task he undertook. We think all young men commencing life might spend a dollar very profitably in investing it in this work, or those wishing to make a present to any of their young friends could not do better than present them with this neat little volume.—*York Herald*, Richmond Hill.

It is an excellent hand-book for the guidance of young men, especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits.—*Presbyterian Record*, Montreal.

This work is of high order, while its subject is little known among ourselves; the lessons of his life cannot fail to impress the reader. The book is well written and full of interest.—*Richmond Whig*, Richmond, Va., U.S A.

I have examined "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," and take pleasure in stating that I regard it as a valuable work for a young man about to enter business. The essays contained in the book are calculated to teach many of the most important lessons which should be learned by all. I am of opinion that it would be well for any nation to have the principles expounded in this book taught to all its young men.—JAMES L. HUGHES, Public School Inspector, Toronto.

I have carefully read "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," and beg to express my unqualified appreciation of its varied contents. It contains many admirable essays upon the formation of character, which, if properly digested, cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon the minds of those who are desirous of following the pure beaten path of commercial integrity. This work has not made its appearance any too soon. Our educators have been so sorely exercised in extirpating those youthful weeds which grow so luxuriantly in the field of life that they should hail it as a boon in assisting them in their laborious task. From this volume we can glean many golden texts, which, if inculcated aright, would, I have no doubt, be the means of elevating the general character and commercial status of our country, (which is not too high). I would, therefore, conscientiously recommend this volume to all youthful aspirants for the "Temple of Fame." Read it, it will do you good; it will make you a happier and better denizen of the world.—A. F. MACDONALD, Principal of Wellesley School, Toronto.

I find the book to be a very readable one. It is all it claims to be, viz., lessons for the guidance of youth. It must be of service to all who read it as well as to those for whom it is more especially designed.—WILLIAM SCOTT, Head-Master, Model School, Toronto.

"Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields" is a very readable book, being written in an easy and graceful style. It sketches the character and life of a successful Toronto merchant. The principles of business, moral conduct and gentlemanly bearing which are all handled philosophically and practically, show that the author has a deep insight of human nature and the world. The book is an invaluable guide to young men seeking practical instruction in the affairs of life, and is singularly fitted to effect the end for which it is written, viz., the formation of character in the young, and as a guide to a successful life.—GEORGE C. MOSSMAN, (Minister) English Presbyterian Church, Bewcastle, Cumberland, Eng.

The perusal of the "Life and Character of Robert Shields" has much interested me. Mr. Grote has done good service to young men by furnishing so excellent a treatise on the ethics of business. I cordially recommend the attentive study of this book to all who are about to enter into commercial life, feeling assured that the regular practice of the principles therein enumerated will prove highly beneficial to all who adopt that course.—J. E. DAY, Principal Day's Commercial College, Toronto.

This is a work intended for young men to assist in formation of their character. The essays cover a considerable range of subjects, and some of them are very suggestive. We wish some

of them could be circulated in a handy form.—*London* (Eng.) *S. S. Chronicle.*

I have very carefully, and with very great pleasure, read "The Life and Character of Robert Shields," and I feel deeply convinced of the expediency of the views expressed by him in a commercial light, and more especially of their soundness in a moral sense. One could wish to know more about Mr. Shields, and that the volume were in the hands of every young man starting life, being convinced that the adoption and systematic practice of the contents would infallibly lead to success.—FRED R. LUMSDEN, Wood's School, Newburn, Scotland.

The precepts that are laid down in the "Life and Character of Robert Shields," are those which tend most certainly to raise the character of any one intending to pursue a mercantile life, or any other line of life where man meets man either in business capacity or social company, for by pursuing the advice therein contained would save many heart burnings and would be more profitable to ourselves and our neighbours. For success in business we should abide, as far as possible, by the cash system, be punctual to all appointments, exact in all accounts, not downcast because we don't succeed at once; but ever look on cheerfully to a brighter future, the watchword of which is "onward," taking care not to be influenced by financiers, usurers and other selfish men whom we meet daily, but ever endeavor to keep on the even tenor of our honest ways, and ever strive to do to others as we wish them to do to us.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

—*Longfellow.*

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft looses both itself and friend."

—*Shakespeare.*

—A. H. BROWNING, Ex-Reeve of Monck, Ontario, Earlsferry, Scotland.

Having read, with some measure of care, the book entitled "Life and Character of Robert Shields," I consider it well adapted to be put in the hands of young men beginning the active duties of life. The principles of business success which it lays down, are healthy and in harmony with the highest claims of religion. The book abounds in counsels to young men, which cannot be followed without securing temporal and spiritual benefit.—JOHN HOGG, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, Man.

While the book, entitled "Life and Character of Robert Shields," is written chiefly for young men about to engage in commercial pursuits, I can heartily recommend it as a book well worthy the perusal of all young men. The various subjects of which it treats cannot be read but with profit.—G. S. ANDERSON, Minister of Kilrenny, Fife, Scotland.

This is to certify that I have read the "Life and Character of Robert Shields" with some profit, I hope, and with some considerable interest from the fact that I was intimately acquainted with him and his late uncle. I have much pleasure in testifying to the correctness and accuracy of the statements therein contained in connection with their lives and business, and believe that young men who purpose following commercial life would derive much benefit from reading and studying that portion of the work that treats on business, and on the mental and moral qualities and qualifications which are essential, and which constitute the successful business man.—JOHN CAMPBELL, Head-Master John Street School, Toronto.

His advice is good, and will find many readers.—*Saturday Review*, London, Eng.

I have read with great pleasure the biography of Mr. Robert Shields. It is the life of a business man who was eminently successful, and who owed his success to industry, guided by integrity of character, and those strict principles of honor which are too often disregarded in business transactions, but which, illustrated in the experience of Mr. Robert Shields, shows indisputably that success in business life can be accomplished without the violation of moral or religious law. The biography of such a man is, therefore, a valuable contribution to moral and religious literature. But this biography possesses additional claims to our attention, as it ably fulfils the promise given on the title-page of being a "Handbook for the Guidance of Youths," and especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits. It is a series of moral essays on the duties of life and the formation of character, as these have relation to all business transactions and to their profitable issues. Now, all men have, in some way and in some part of their business lives, duties to fulfil upon the issue of which a natural part of their happiness depends; and the experience of such a man as Mr. Robert Shields added to useful lessons, deduced by his biographer, cannot fail to be valuable in their application. Mr. Shields was in every sense honorable; but the sense of honor was supported and exalted by a deep and ever active religious sentiment. In the full and practical sense he was a Christian, and his Christianity guided and governed his business actions, gave witness that a man could be skilful and successful in business and live in strict accordance with the religious princi-

ples he professes. Such a biography is invaluable in the age of shams and frauds, when, in the eagerness to get riches, too many believe that the golden end justifies the wickedest means and cancels the most sacred obligations. The book, in fact, would be an excellent text-book in the hands of an intelligent teacher, as the basis of a series of lessons on the qualities necessary to an upright business life, while its careful study would not fail to leave deep, lasting and edifying impressions on all preparing in business life.—R. LEWIS, Author of the "Dominion Elocutionist," etc., etc., Principal of Dufferin School, Toronto.

This book contains some excellent and practical counsels for life work.—REV. JAMES CHRISTIE, Author of "Things Russian," Carlisle, Eng.

The full title of this book is "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," being a handbook for the guidance of youths generally, especially for those about to enter upon commercial pursuits, with selections from some of the best authors. As a reason for conveying his lessons through a biography, the author tells us in his second paragraph that "one concrete example, enforcing sound maxims of prudence and morality, is worth any amount of *jejune* and abstract admonitions." The reader proceeds with an interesting account of the life (up to the present date, or nearly so) of a well known and highly respected man, accompanied by instructive comments on his doings and sayings, and the varied excellence of his character.

Robert Shields was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, 1848; that he came to Canada with his father at the age of four years; that from his earliest years he had a religious turn of mind; that he carries his religion with him everywhere; that his alms-giving is conducted upon a system; that he is a hard-worked man, and a man of great endurance; that he has been known to post books on a Saturday afternoon; that he once gave $4,000.00 to pay a debt on Dr. Jenning's Church, and that the author has frequently met him going to Sabbath School.

The author's aim is excellent, the volume contains a vast amount of truth which cannot too often be repeated, and it is well printed and bound, and we have no reason to grudge it a wide circulation."—Toronto *Presbyterian.*

I have read with a great deal of pleasure, and I trust, profit, the admirable sketch of Mr. Shield's career. I am sure that could our young men who are just entering upon any business career have an opportunity of reading this book it would be of immense service to them and show them how, by perseverance, honesty, and, above all, a firm reliance on a higher Power, they may reach the goal of their ambition.—DR. DAVIES, Principal of the Normal School, Toronto.

The moral lessons which abound throughout teach very clearly that success in life is greatly promoted by strict integrity in business transactions, and that wealth, when acquired by other and questionable means, cannot afford real happiness to its possessor. The book is one peculiarly well adapted to place in the hands of young men about to begin the serious work of life, especially those who propose to embark in commercial enterprises where there may be temptations to begin on wrong principles. The book abounds in excellent expositions of the principles which should guide and control private life as well as those which should be paramount in business transactions. In this part nothing could be better than the remarks on the folly of people "keeping up appearances" in society. "Don't live beyond your means" is a maxim quoted and enforced by excellent reasoning. On these principles, which are so well enforced, Mr. Shields has acted and successfully acted. I trust his example and the excellent lessons deduced partly from his success may prove a means of influencing many others.—HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

We have before us "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," which we are informed the Minister of Education, Hon. G. W. Ross, is thinking of introducing as a textbook into the Ontario schools.—*Montreal Star.*

Geo. W. Grote's book entitled, "Lessons from the life and Character of Robert Shields," is now well known. Many works of the same nature have been written by foreign authors, but the fact that it is the life of a well-known Toronto man, written by a local author, will commend the work to Canadian readers. Mr. Shields is well known in Toronto as an energetic, pushing, straightforward business man, and the author has made a wise selection in choosing him as an example of a successful business life. Mr. Shields' agreeable nature in dealing with his confreres makes him a universal favorite in society. The work has been published by London and Edinburgh publishing houses, as also by Hunter, Rose & Co., to whom credit is due for the style in which it is got up. The book is written so as to be easily understood by the youngest readers, and to be interesting to the more mature man of business. The secret of success in business is plainly mapped out and written in an interesting manner. Only one volume of the work has been published, and the success which this has met seems to warrant a large demand for THE OTHER TWO, which will shortly follow.—*Toronto World.*

"Nothing is so contagious," says Lord Lytton, "as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the gem of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

No one is likely to read that volume published by Hunter,

Rose & Co., entitled, "Life and Character of Robert Shields," by G. W. Grote, without realizing that the subject of the sketch is a man of large enthusiasm, and as is the case with all men of magnetic powers, he has been able to impart this enthusiasm in generous quantities to others.

The success that has come to Robert Shields through a long and busy life would have been sapped of some of its most inspiring elements had it not been for the possession of this contagious quality.

Raphael's enthusiasm, it is said, inspired every artist in Italy, and the healthy distribution of this element by Mr. Shields throughout the life of Canadian commerce has gone a long way to help young business men, who, as the years roll on, have become, and are becoming, the mercantile kings of the Dominion.

Robert Shields, in his early start in business, placed a high ideal before him. Keen, shrewd and pushing at the same time, he has ever had an abhorrence for that incessant grind that sees no objective point in business outside of the Almighty Dollar.

Charlotte Cushman, in her own inimitable way, was wont to say, "I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above others." It, too, might be said of Robert Shields that business was the art he reverenced, but his views of business were large and broad. We see this exemplified in the literary bent of Mr. Shields, who, at the present time, has more than one literary work under way—one, especially, dealing with his travels, which have been wide and many, will be a book of large interest. To many it is known that Mr. Shields takes a deep interest in the subject of Anglo-Saxon unity, one of the uppermost questions of the day, and it is whispered that within a short time a book on this subject will come from his pen.

In the making of books there is no end, but this story of Robert Shields is one that should be in the library of every Canadian, and that may well find a place on the shelves of every intelligent bookseller.—*Canadian Bookseller.*

Among the many books that have been written on success in life, prominent among which may be named the works of Smiles and Orison Swett Marden, "The Life and Character of Robert Shields," by George W. Grote, will take a first position. A new edition of this book is now being issued from the press of the Hunter, Rose Co., of Toronto.

Robert Shields is a well-known business man of Toronto, having grown up among its people, and shown himself to be possessed of many strong business characteristics. His executive ability is marked and has been made manifest in various business

enterprises during the last quarter of a century in Toronto. Many years since, when engaged in a large way in the retail grocery business in this city, he demonstrated to his firm the advantage that comes to a business house in buying for cash and saving its discounts. This demonstration was shown in a considerable income being brought into the business directly as a result of Mr. Shields' financing along these lines.

Whilst Mr. Shields has given his time largely to mercantile pursuits, yet, like George Moore, the great English merchant prince, of whom Samuel Smiles writes, he has cultivated other and what may be deemed higher elements of character. He has, during his lifetime been a considerable traveller, and has developed his natural taste for literature. This has shown itself in the works from Mr. Shields' pen, and which will come before the public shortly in a new book of travel that he is writing, and another work on the subject of Anglo-Saxon unity, a question in which he takes much interest.

Robert Shields is a believer in what may be called the old-fashioned virtues of punctuality and diligence in all business undertakings—an early riser—conscientious and faithful in the discharge of every obligation that rests upon him, large or small. It is a good book for the young business readers of BUSINESS to know about.—*Business.*

"Life and Character of Robert Shields," by Geo. W. Grote. 382 pages; bound in English cloth and gold; $1.00. Hunter, Rose & Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada; E. Marlborough & Co., London, E.C., England; J. Menzies & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland.

MR. SHIELDS' NEW BOOK "MY TRAVELS."

The following press notices of "My Travels," suggested by advanced sheets sent out by the author, Mr. Shields, indicates the high position the book holds in the minds of citizens at home and abroad. "My Travels" is now off the press and the first edition is nearly exhausted. We append some of the good things said of "My Travels:"—

A MONTREAL VIEW.

An advance copy of "My Travels," by Mr. Robert Shields, shows that Lady Aberdeen has put her name down as the first subscriber to it, and Her Ladyship is followed by Lord Minto, Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor, Toronto, and other names of note. Those who have already availed themselves of any of the previous writings of this promising Canadian author agree that they are both interesting and instructive, furnishing as they do vivid pen-and-ink pictures of many historic places and scenes. Mr. Shields is a close observer, and has spent considerable time in noticing the character and history of the people

with whom he has been brought in contact during his rambles around the world. The leading cities of Europe, the United States, Great Britain and Canada are described in a picturesque style, and his accounts of Windsor Castle, and his native place, Dunfermline, Fifeshire, are particularly charming. Mr. Shields gives evidence in his "Travels" that he has been an attentive student of books as well as of men and manners, and his frequent references to ancient history and literature proves that he has been a conscientious reader.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

A NEW YORK IMPRESSION.

Mr. Robert Shields, a well-known citizen of Toronto, Ont., who has won success both in business and authorship, is about to bring out a new work under the title of "My Travels." The frontispiece will consist of a coloured reproduction of a portrait of the author painted by the Canadian artist, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, and there will also be a picture of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, between whom and Mr. Shields there is a community of feeling arising from the fact that they both hail from Dunfermline, and made their own way in the world. Mr. Shields is of a serious turn of mind, and takes an especial interest in the welfare of young men, for whose benefit he has published several books of a similar character to those of Mr. Samuel Smiles. His travels will include a description of a visit he paid to Queen Victoria. —*Scottish-American,* New York.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'It is all barren.'"—*Sterne.*

The much-travelled man is at all times an interesting individual to know, to meet, to talk to. In books we derive much that lends culture to the individual, but there is a broadness in the culture that comes from travel, that is wanting in the choicest literature of ancient or modern times. There is a charm in drinking in the recorded thoughts of writers like Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Macaulay or Dickens, but there is a double charm in drinking in the inspiration that comes from visiting the actual scenes that have been depicted by these authors. These are reasons why the boy at school takes an interest in history, where other subjects are dry and hard. It is why authors like Henty and Kingsley, Cooper and Marryat find a popular place on the boys' bookshelf—because their stories are of distant lands and people. A Columbus who has discovered new worlds, or a Cook who has girded the globe in his travels—a Kitchener who has returned from the Soudan, or a Sampson from Manila—these men, whenever it is possible to see or hear them, become our heroes.

In the midst of a busy life, Mr. Robert Shields, of Toronto, has found time to participate in at least some of the joys that

come from a season of travel; and in a recent book from his pen we have the story of these travels told in a most interesting manner.

"Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

This new book hardly takes us over as wide ground as Johnson would suggest in these lines of his that we have quoted, but he has been able to cover no small amount of territory. What is all important in the traveller, Mr. Shields has shown himself a man of keen, ready and wide observation. The one who essays to visit new fields and pastures green, but whose observing faculties, as the phrenologist might say, are but poorly developed, had better stay at home, for he will reap but a small return from his expenditure of time and money.

The quick observation and shrewd faculty of taking in things at a glance, that has stood Mr. Shields so generously as a business man, have served him equally faithful in his role of a traveller. He saw much, because he knew how to see things.

The opening pages of Mr. Shields' book of travels tell how he left Canada in 1880 to pay a visit to the old land. The first few pages present a pretty story—of a visit to Windsor Castle, and how Mr. Shields became a suitor for the hand of Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice. From a literary standpoint, these pages are brightly and cleverly worked out, and the ingenious thought is expressed, "Why should not a Shields, a Scotchman, though not of royal blood, be a suitor for the hand of the daughter of the Queen, when the Marquis of Lorne played a similar role—and won?"

We look upon the pages that are devoted to an account of Mr. Shields' visit to the old home in Dunfermline, as a portion of this book of travel most worthy of careful reading and preservation. How true it is, there is no place like home—that there can be no soul so dead that is not stirred by a thought of his native land—and no poetry too choice to describe the emotions that a visit to one's native land, left perhaps, as in Mr. Shields' case in boyhood days, give rise to.

It was on a beautiful day that Mr. Shields wended his way to old Dunfermline. He had not yet stepped down to the level of ordinary day affairs, for the scenes of his ambitious wooing at Windsor Castle were fresh in his mind, and he tells us how absent-minded like he made his way to his old home, forgetting what was before him and near him, and awakened the curiosity of a stray gardener who was on the highroad wending his way to the market. "Waes ye maun," said the gardener, "bit ye're michty high steppin', 'at ye canna keep fra rennin entel a puir body." Mr. Shield's, with his quick wit, was equal for the occasion, and in the dialect of old Scotia, his native tongue, replied, "Hoots, maun, I beg your pardon," readily giving the

gardener a guid honest shake of his hand for old lang syne. And this little incident banished for the moment, at any any rate, all thoughts of Windsor Castle, and gave place to the glow that fills a Scotchman's heart when revisiting that land o' cakes—bonnie Scotland.

What is suggested in the opening sentence of this chapter, touching the help that comes to a business man in visiting other places and scenes, and observing for himself the progress that is made in business and manufactures, is brought out clearly in the thoughts that came to Mr. Shields as he first took a view of the old Scottish town that he had left many years before. In some particulars few changes had taken place among its people, for, as Mr. Shields remarks, the changes come but slowly in a Scottish town. When he came, however, to make an investigation of the manufactures of the old Fifeshire town, he found that the sons of Scotland, in this respect, as in other affairs, are as progressive people as one finds in the wide world over. The improvements in manufacture were very marked, for, to quote Mr. Shields' own words, "When we last cast our eyes about the town I remember having seen the old-fashioned looms of the weavers in full operation, and now observe the rapid improvements and surprising completeness of the new machinery and new methods, all is now modern and progressive."

Leaving aside for the moment any reference to the material growth of Dunfermline, a number of pages are devoted specially to an account of Mr. Shields' birthplace—for Mr. Shields had realized that he was treading on the ground that had been sacred to his fathers, and that he was walking the sward that he must have scampered over in childhood days.

It is said that the Esquimaux, despite his Arctic surroundings, believes there is no country, no place on the face of the globe like these Arctic regions—his home. Mr. Shields had cast his lot in a new land, with all its advantages, yet, as he spent time in the old home, recognized that there were few spots more to be loved than Fifeshire. His heart beat fast as he thought of those good old days when he lived in that part of a country whose sons had become famous the wide world over.

The story of the visit to the old home itself is alike pretty and touching—"Curious when I observe the old loom; painful when I glance awa' ahint the auld shelf, where father used to keep the rod, together with his time-honored motto of 'spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

One of the enjoyable elements in this book of travels by Mr. Shields is the literary flavor that marks almost every page, and that stands out prominent in certain parts of it. The historical allusions and the frequent reference, in ways of illustration, to ancient history and literature, show to what extent the mind of Mr. Shields has been stored with the choicest that the world's great authors have given to us.—*Dunfermline Press.*

"My Travels" is bound in fine English cloth and gold, illustrated, 320 pages, $1.50, and in full morocco, $3.00. Hunter, Rose & Co., Limited, Toronto.

PERSONAL MENTION OF MR. SHIELDS.

The press of the country, both in Canada and Great Britain, have been generous in their announcements of Mr. Shields' position in the field of literature, and his activities as a Canadian citizen. We give some excerpts from the press of the day:—

FROM HIS NATIVE LAND.

Mr. Shields is so highly esteemed by his friends at Elie (Fifeshire), that they intend erecting a water fountain in his honor. —*Dunfermline Press, Dunfermline, Scotland.*

MR. SHIELDS AND ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Mr. Robert Shields, of Toronto, author of "Better Relations Between the Anglo-Saxon People of Great Britain and America," and Andrew Carnegie, who, it is announced, will distribute the larger part of his fortune of $200,000,000 in good works, were both born at Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland. The *People's Journal*, of Cupar, Scotland, in reviewing the "Lessons from the Life and Character of Robert Shields," said that these men were entitled to an important place in the next edition of the "Eminent Men of Fife." Lord Rosebery and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal are deeply interested in Mr. Shields' work, also Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State for the United States. Lord Minto wrote this week a strong letter of introduction for Mr. Shields.—*Saturday Night.*

MR. SHIELDS BEFORE ROYALTY.

BY J. S. ROBERTSON.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he will not stand before mean men."—Proverbs of Solomon.

That Mr. Shields, in a long and active career, has earned the right, according to the measurement of the wise man of old, to stand before kings, there can be no doubt. Industry, diligence and persistency have been characteristics of Mr. Shields—his life throughout. It has been said that genius is simply the faculty of hard work; and this being so, there will be no doubting the genius of Mr. Shields.

When in England, Mr. Shields was a visitor at Windsor Castle, and calling on Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with credentials from prominent men of this side of the Atlantic, he was kindly welcomed by the representatives of Her Majesty the Queen. The Private Secretary paid him the honor of visiting him at his hotel, and bringing with him the well-wishes of Queen Victoria, and her invitation to visit Windsor Castle.

The sayings of Solomon find a living illustration in the career of Mr. Shields. It has been his privilege to meet with many people of prominence, both at home and abroad, with that fellow-feeling that is common of Scotchmen the world over; it had been his pleasure to meet with Lord Lorne and his distinguished wife Princess Louise.

General Grant, late President of the United States, was another distinguished citizen whose acquaintance Mr. Shields was pleased to cultivate; and the General, in his celebrated tour around the world, was wont to speak in kindly terms of his acquaintance with a Canadian who excelled himself in the qualities that make a man like Mr. Shields. George H. Howard, Esquire, now Earl of Carlisle, was among the distinguished callers upon Mr. Shields during his visit to Great Britain.

A letter that Mr. Shields treasures very highly, as showing his acquaintance with men of rank, is one from the late Rev. Dr. Tait, then Archbishop of Canterbury, written from Lambeth Palace, and one from the late Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone.

It would be strange if after an experience of this character, we should find Mr. Shields anything else than an enthusiastic advocate of Anglo-Saxon unity. To this question he has given a great deal of thought and study, as a subject of vital interest to Canadians and Britishers everywhere, and taking a broader view still of the great Anglo-Saxon people of whatever nationality the world over. A book, dealing at length with this subject, to which Mr. Shields is giving his best thought and study, will be published shortly, and is sure to be a book of vital and timely character, and the subject will therein be handled in a manner that must help generously to advance the spirit of friendliness between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people.

MR. SHIELDS' PORTRAIT.

The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Shields that graces "My Travels," says the Toronto *Globe*, is taken from an oil painting specially prepared for the purpose by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, the well-known artist. Mr. Shields has been favored with a kindly letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, enclosing photograph. Mr. Shields and Mr. Carnegie both hail from Fifeshire, Scotland—citizens of whom old Dunfermline is proud. Mr. Shields' oil-painting will be shown at the Paris Exposition with Premier Geo. W. Ross, Hon. Mr. Harcourt and Dr. S. P. May.

A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT.

A late English mail brings us a copy of the *Dunfermline Press*, published in Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, containing nearly a column description of "My Travels," by Mr. Robert Shields, and by later mail there comes a letter from a resident of that county, asking that a copy of this book of travels be sent post-